

VOL. 7 No 7

BLUE BOLT

10¢

DECEMBER

JIM WILCOX-

ACT 3



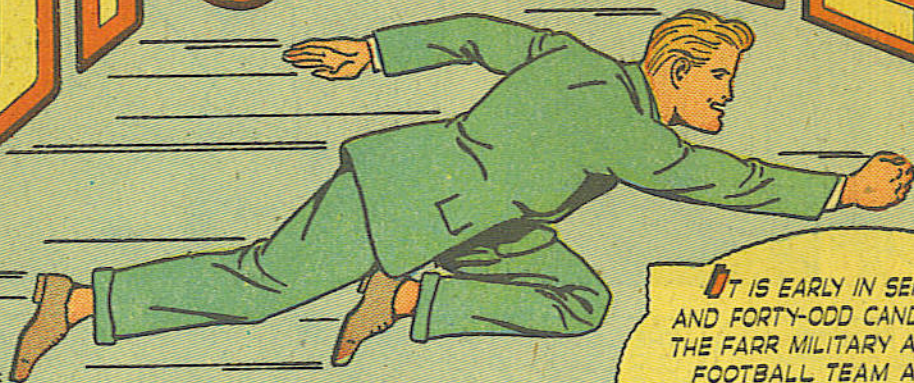
DEC.

BLUE BOLT



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

DICK COLE



IT IS EARLY IN SEPTEMBER AND FORTY-ODD CANDIDATES FOR THE FARR MILITARY ACADEMY FOOTBALL TEAM ARE ON THE PRACTICE FIELD... REFRESHED BY THEIR SUMMER VACATION, DICK COLE AND SIMBA KARNO ARE PLUNGING EAGERLY INTO THE WORK.

DRAWN BY JIM WILCOX

GOOD THING WE KEPT IN SHAPE, EH, SIMBA? GEE, I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR THE FIRST GAME!

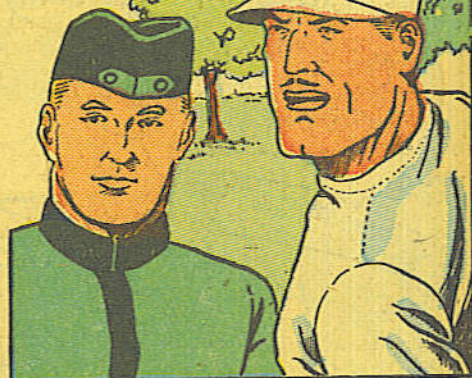
OKAY, MEN, THAT'S ENOUGH. WE'LL TACKLE THE DUMMIES NEXT. LET'S GO!

WOW! THIS IS KILLING ME!

YOU SAID IT, DICK.

A CADET BRINGS A MESSAGE TO THE COACH...

COLE, DROP OUT. MAJOR FARR WANTS TO SEE YOU. HE'S AT THE END OF THE FIELD.



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director; Helen Doig Schmid, Associate Editor; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant. BLUE BOLT, Vol. 7, No. 7, December, 1946, published monthly by Novelty Press Division of The Premium Service Co. Inc. P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 119 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright, 1946, by The Premium Service Co. Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price, \$2.00 per year in U. S. A. Member of The Premium Group of Comics. Entered as Second-Class matter, March 20, 1940, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.

PUZZLED, DICK REPORTS TO MAJOR FARR.

AT EASE, MR. COLE. I WANT YOU TO MEET MRS. WITHERS, DRAMATIC COACH OF THE CENTVIEW SEMINARY FOR GIRLS.



I KNOW YOUR HEART'S SET ON FOOTBALL, BUT I MUST ASK YOU TO DROP PRACTICE FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS...

OH, MAJOR FARR! CADET COLE IS JUST THE TYPE!

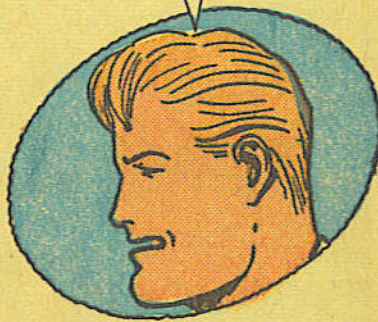


BUT.. SIR...

THE SEMINARY IS PUTTING ON A PLAY FOR CHARITY. MRS. WITHERS HAS ASKED OUR HELP IN FILLING THE MALE ROLES, AND YOU'RE SELECTED FOR ONE ROLE.

THE LOCAL BOY WE HAD FOR OUR LEAD HAS CONTRACTED MEASLES, MR. COLE, AND WE MUST HAVE A NEW LEADING MAN AT ONCE! I'M SURE YOU'LL BE SPLENDID!

BU-BUT I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT ACTING, AND I'D MUCH RATHER PLAY ON THE GRIDIRON THAN ON THE STAGE...



MR. COLE! THIS IS A GOOD WILL GESTURE TO THE SEMINARY, IN A WORTHY CAUSE. I'M ASTOUNDED AT YOUR ATTITUDE. SO, THIS IS AN ORDER...YOU WILL TAKE PART IN THE PLAY.

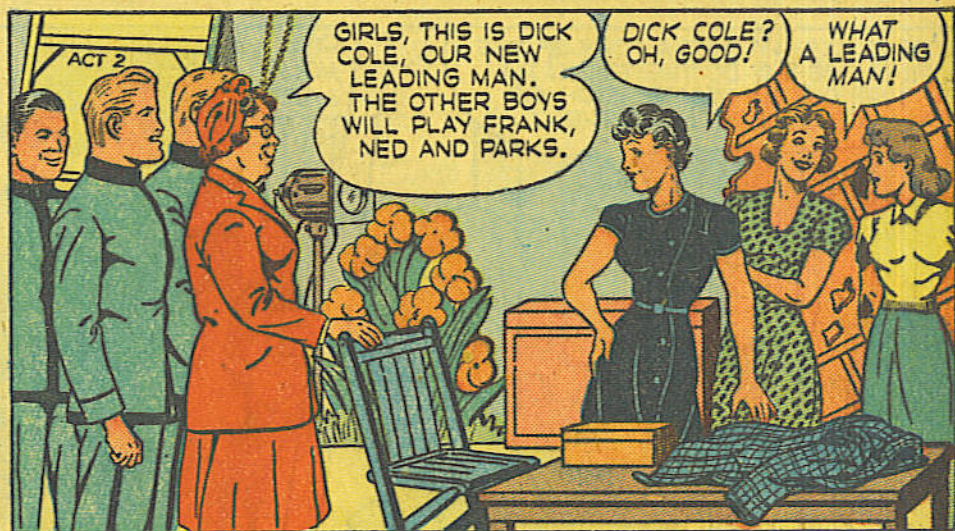
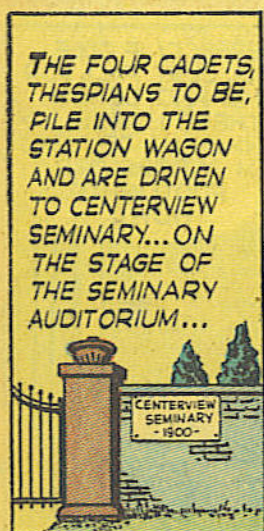
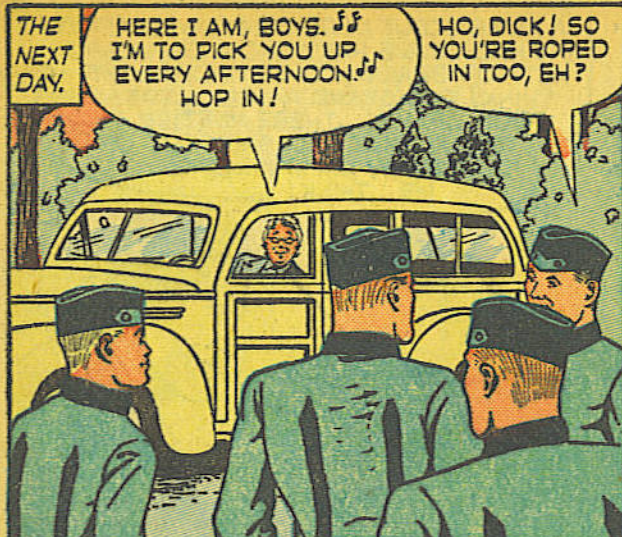
I.. UH... YES, SIR.

DON'T BE DOWNHEARTED, MR. COLE. YOU AND YOUR SCHOOLMATES WILL BE WORKING WITH MY SWEET, LOVELY GIRLS.

OH, YEAH? UH, I MEAN YES...YES, MA'AM!

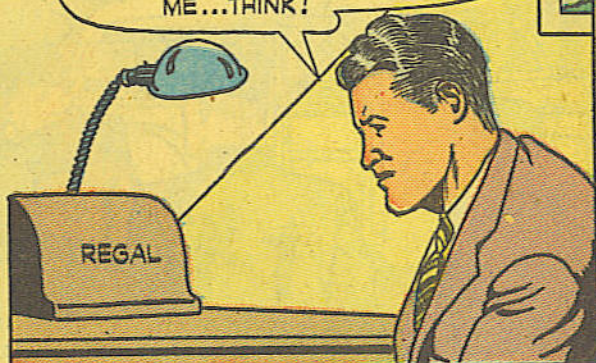


QUESTION
No. 1. What actress played the role of Liza in the movie version of "Pygmalion"?

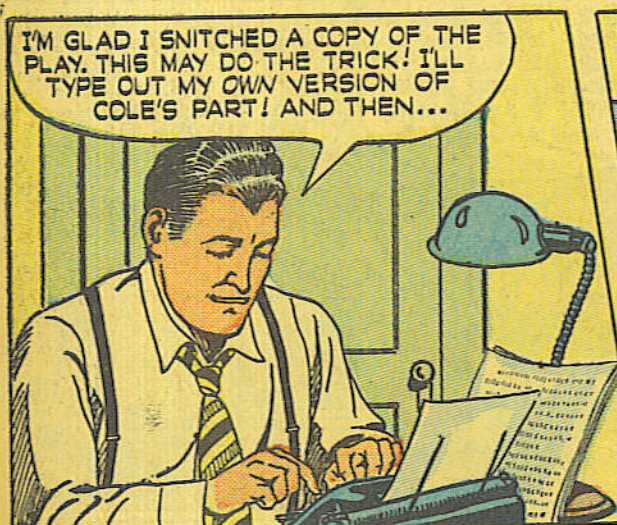


THIS IS SOMETHING! "WENDELL BRACK, TOP TALENT SCOUT FOR MARVEL PICTURES, PLANS TO ATTEND THE CENTERVIEW SEMINARY PRODUCTION OF, 'SERGEANT BILL COMES BACK'."

A MOVIE SCOUT IN CENTERVIEW! BLAST IT! IF I HAD COLE'S PART AND A CHANCE TO ACT FOR BRACK...I'D BE MADE! JUST THINK! TWO GRAND A WEEK...SWIMMING POOL...FAME!...THERE MUST BE A WAY TO CUT THAT SAD SACK OUT OF THAT PLAY! UM-M-M...LET.. ME...THINK!



I'M GLAD I SNITCHED A COPY OF THE PLAY. THIS MAY DO THE TRICK! I'LL TYPE OUT MY OWN VERSION OF COLE'S PART! AND THEN...



ONE HOUR LATER...

PERFECT! IF COLE WILL JUST FALL FOR THIS AND LEARN THESE LINES... WHEN HE DELIVERS 'EM ACROSS THE FOOTLIGHTS... WOW!!



THE NEXT DAY, DICK HAS A CALLER AT FARR.

MAY I COME IN, MR. COLE? I'M DON PRITTY... MRS. WITHERS SENT ME...

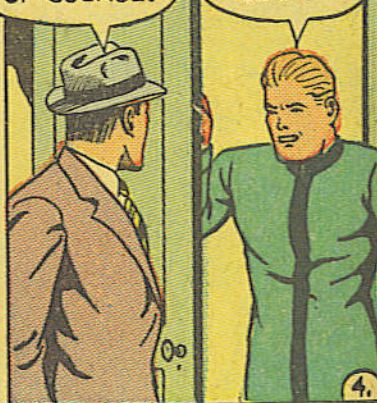
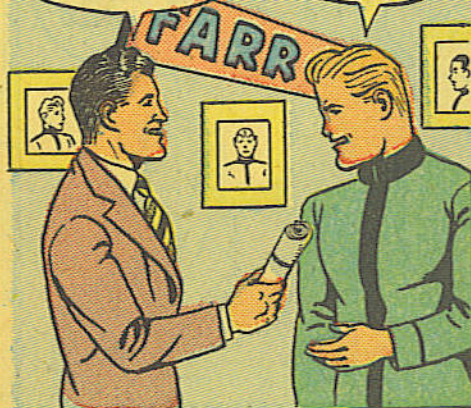
COME IN.

MR. COLE, THERE'S BEEN A CHANGE IN YOUR PART... HERE'S THE NEW VERSION...

A CHANGE? GOSH! AND I'M LETTER PERFECT IN MY LINES!

YOU'LL HAVE LEARNED THE NEW LINES BY THE NEXT REHEARSAL, OF COURSE!

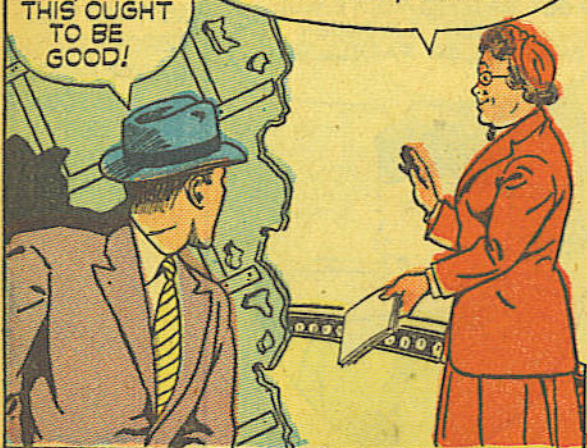
WHEW! THAT IS AN ORDER, BUT, TELL MRS. WITHERS I'LL DO MY BEST.



THE NEXT
REHEARSAL.

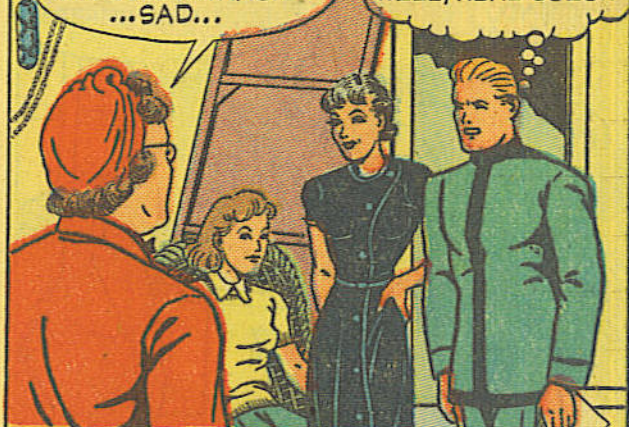
OH, BOY!
THIS OUGHT
TO BE
GOOD!

ATTENTION, PLEASE! WE'LL
RUN THROUGH FIRST SCENE,
ACT TWO. WE ALL KNOW
OUR LINES, I HOPE.



NOW, THIS IS A SERIOUS
SCENE. THE YOUNG
VETERAN'S HOME-COMING.
PLAY IT WITH FEELING,
MR. COLE...TRAGIC..
...SAD...

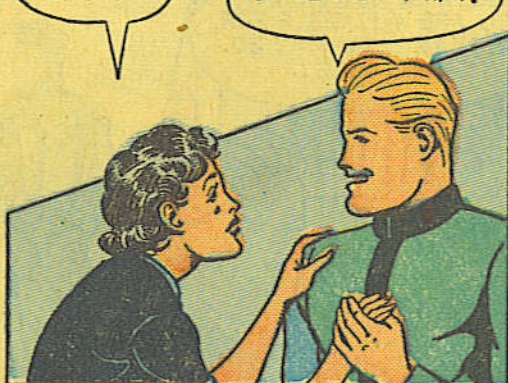
HUH? SERIOUS, SAD?
WHY, HE'S A SCREW-
BALL ACCORDING
TO THE SCRIPT.
WELL, HERE GOES..



DICK GOES OFF
STAGE AND, ON
CUE, MAKES HIS
ENTRANCE.
THE
REHEARSAL
IS ON...

BILL! BILL!
YOU'RE HOME!
HOME AT
LAST!

HIYA, BABE! WHAT'S
COOKIN'? HOW'S THE
GANG AT MIKE'S
SINCE I BIN AWAY?



OH, BILL! I'M SO
HAPPY! B-BUT
YOU-YOU SEEM
CHANGED,
BILL!

SO WHAT, COOKIE?
SAY, DRAG OUT
TH' OLD SPIT-
TOON...WE'LL
HAVE SOME
TARGET PRACTICE.



STOP! STOP THIS
INSTANT!



YOU'RE MAKING A
MOCKERY OF A
BEAUTIFUL PLAY,
AND OF YOUR
FELLOW
PLAYERS! IT'S
OUTRAGEOUS!

BUT-BUT
-I-I-
GULP!



NO EXCUSES! YOU ARE DIS-
MISSED FROM THE PLAY, AND
MAJOR FARR SHALL HEAR
OF THIS! NOW, YOU LEAVE,
YOU YOUNG SCAMP!

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
GOES, BUT
EVIDENTLY I
GO. GOOD-BYE,
MRS. WITHERS.



AND, AS DICK DEPARTS...

OH, IT'S YOU AGAIN. I MUST REPLACE COLE IMMEDIATELY... YES, YOU GET THE ROLE, MR. PRITTY.

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN AN AMATEUR IS USED INSTEAD OF A REAL ACTOR. LET ME HAVE THE ROLE, MRS. WITHERS.

DICK HOPS THE BUS TO FARR..

I DON'T GET IT. BUT, OH, WELL, THAT'S THAT... NOW I'LL GET BACK TO FOOTBALL. GOSH! I WONDER WHAT MAJOR FARR'LL SAY!

ARRIVING AT FARR, DICK IS NOTIFIED TO REPORT TO MAJOR FARR. HE SOON FINDS OUT WHAT THE MAJOR WILL SAY.

MR COLE! MRS. WITHERS HAS JUST PHONED ME, AND I AM ASTOUNDED AT YOUR REPREHENSIBLE CONDUCT! A GHASTLY DISPLAY OF POOR SPORTSMANSHIP, SIR!

BUT YOUR NASTY LITTLE TRICK TO GET OUT OF THE PLAY AND BACK TO FOOTBALL, WILL NOT WORK! YOU ARE INELIGIBLE FOR THE TEAM! YOU MAY GO, MR. COLE!

EACH DAY, DICK DEJECTEDLY WATCHES PRACTICE...

BARK HALL'S GOIN' GREAT GUNS, EH?

RIGHT! BUT WE SURE'LL MISS DICK COLE!

FRIDAY NIGHT, DICK DROPS INTO TED TODLEY'S ROOM...

WELL, TED, IS THE PLAY IN GOOD SHAPE FOR THE OPENING TOMORROW?

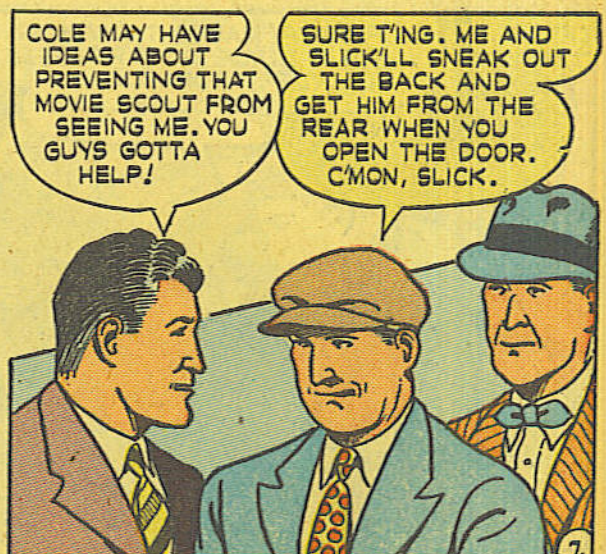
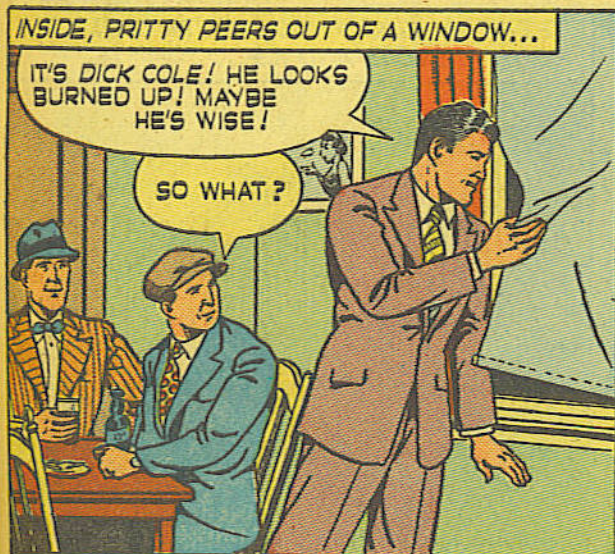
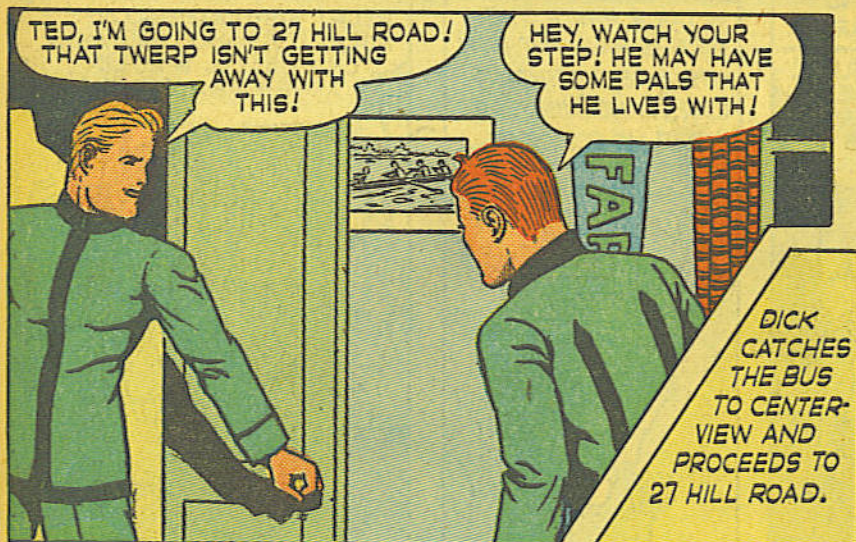
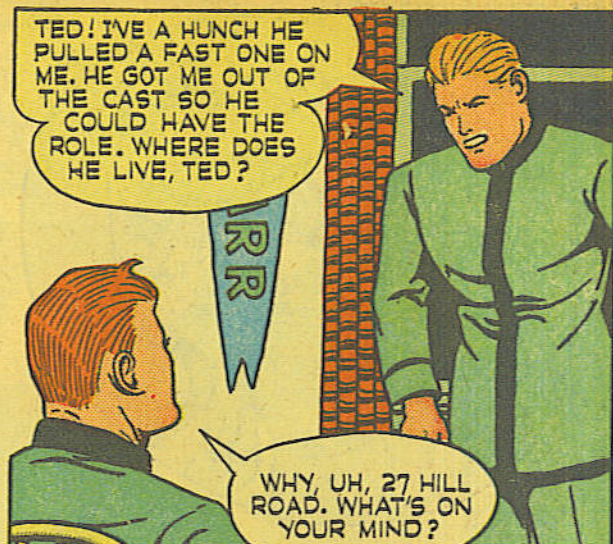
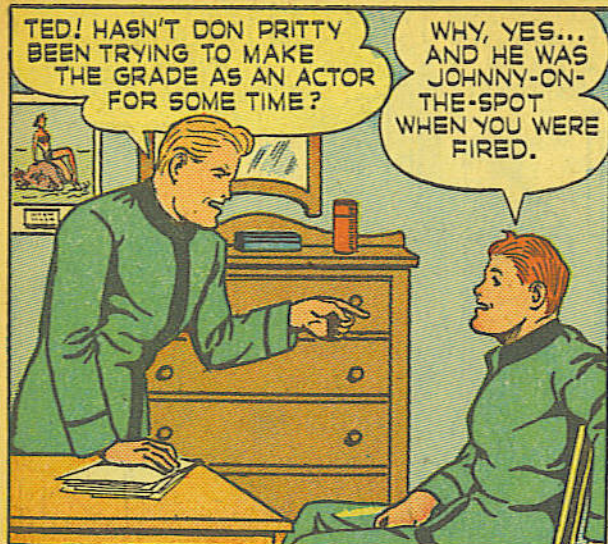
GOSH, NO, DICK! PRITTY'S TRYIN' TO BE THE WHOLE SHOW AND HAMS UP HIS TRAGIC LINES SOMETHING AWFUL. PRITTY'S AN AWFUL DRIP!

IDLY, DICK PICKS UP THE SCRIPT FROM THE TABLE.

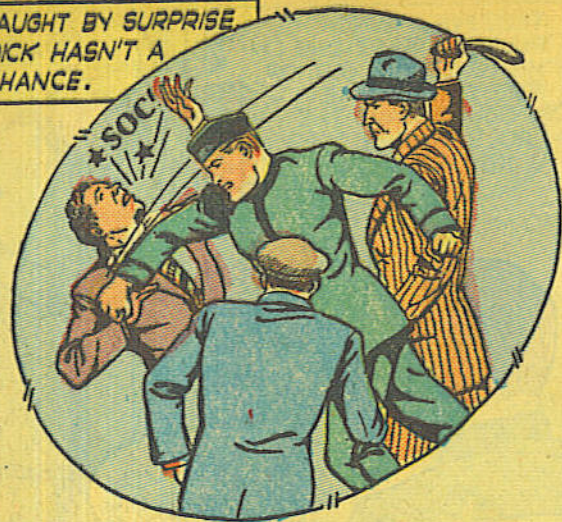
SAY, TED, IS PRITTY USING THESE LINES HERE IN THIS SCRIPT? HE IS? HM-M-M... FUNNY!

THEN WHY DID PRITTY BRING ME THOSE WACKY LINES THAT GOT ME FIRED FROM THE CAST, TED?

QUESTION No. 3. There are 16 baseball teams in the major leagues. How many cities are represented?



CAUGHT BY SURPRISE,
DICK HASN'T A
CHANCE.



OW! MY JAW!
THAT GUY'S
A TOUGH
BATTLER!

WHAT'LL WE
DO WITH HIM,
MACK?

I GOT AN IDEA...
C'MON WE'LL PUT
HIM IN THE CAR
AND THEN...



THEY DRIVE TO THE RAILROAD AND
SHOVE DICK INTO A FREIGHT CAR...

THERE! SHUT THE DOOR, SLICK.
AFTER ALL, WE BROKE THE
SEAL TO GET IT OPEN...AND
THAT'S BAD IF THE BULLS
GET US. HURRY!



IN THEIR HASTE, THE
TOUGHS HAVE PUT DICK
INTO A REFRIGERATOR
CAR... AND MINUTES
LATER, HE COMES TO...

B-R-R-R! I'M FREEZING!
I GOT TO GET OUT OF
HERE BEFORE I
TURN INTO AN
ICICLE!



HELP! S-S-SOME-BODY!
HELP! IT'S N-NO USE! AH...
CRATES! I'LL B-BUILD
A F-F-FIRE... B-R-R...

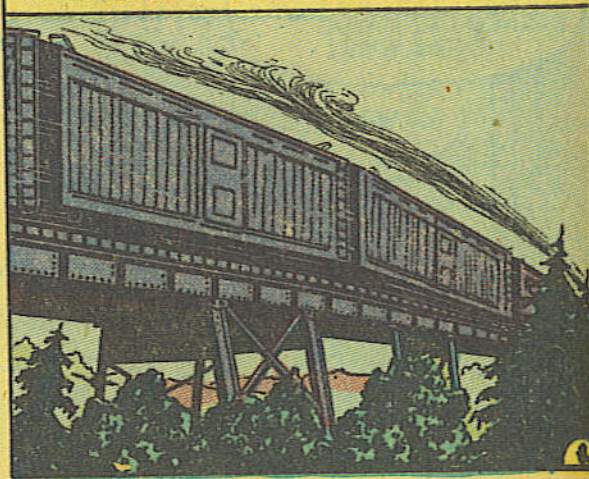


LATER...

KOFF! KOF! MAKES IT...WARMER
...BUT IF I...KOF...DONT F-FREEZE,
I'LL...KOFF...PROBABLY
SUFFOCATE...KOF!



THE TRAIN CLICKS ALONG WITH DICK
FIGHTING SMOKE AND ICE...



FINALLY, THE TRAIN STOPS AT A SIDING. TRAINMEN SPY THE SMOKING CAR..OPEN THE DOOR AND DRAG DICK OUT TO CLEAN, FRESH AIR...

ALL RIGHT, YOUNG FELLER. TALK FAST OR IT'S THE JUG FOR YOU!

I CAN EXPLAIN...

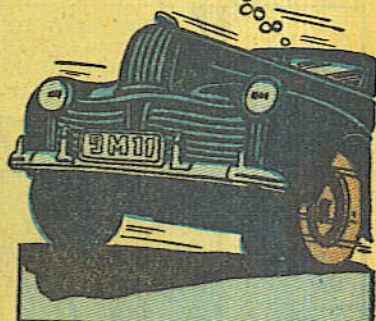


DICK CONVINCES THE TRAINMEN, WHO LET HIM GO..AND..

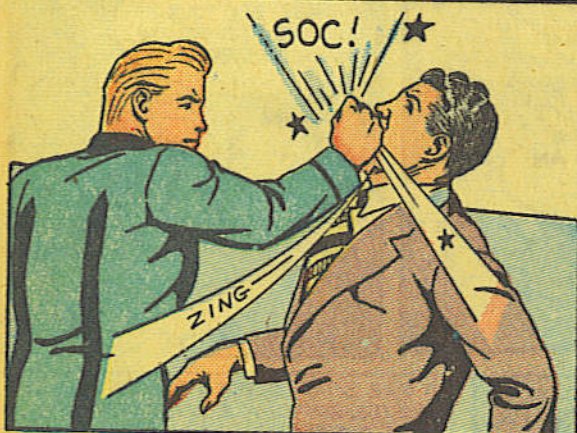
I HOPE I'M LUCKY THUMBING A RIDE BACK TO CENTERVIEW. IT'S A LONG WALK FROM HERE. AH, HE'S SLOWING DOWN.



THIS FELLOW'S GOING CLEAR TO CENTERVIEW... FINE! I SURE HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH PRITTY...I HOPE WE GET THERE BEFORE THE SHOW STARTS!



DICK REACHES THE SEMINARY JUST BEFORE CURTAIN TIME, DASHES BACKSTAGE..AND...



ALL RIGHT, TALK! WOW! I HIT HIM SO HARD HE CAN'T TALK!

BAD TIMING, DICK. THE SHOW'S ABOUT TO START. HEY! YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIS PLACE! HURRY AND CHANGE!

AWK..UFMP...UMP..UGH.



RELUCTANTLY, DICK GOES ON WITH THE ONLY LINES HE KNOWS.

HIYA, CUTIE? WHY SO SNOOTY, EH?

I-OH-GULP-UH WELCOME, BILL.



AFTER THE SHOW...

COMEDY?! OH, OH... GRIEF!

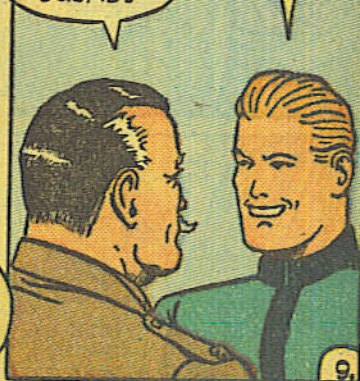
I'M W. BRACK. BEST COMEDY ROLE I EVER SAW! INTERESTED IN A HOLLYWOOD SCREEN TEST, COLE?

THANK YOU-BUT ALL I WANT IS TO GET SQUARE WITH MAJOR FARR.



RICHARD, YOU WERE GRAND! GREAT COMEDY! I REINSTATE YOU ON THE FOOTBALL SQUAD!

WHOOPS! ER-UH-I MEAN, THANK YOU, SIR!



ANSWER No. 4. An individual who buys stocks, hoping to sell them later at a higher price.

"U.S." ROYAL

AND HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



FIGHTING THE FOREST FIRE!



THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB, LED BY ITS SPONSOR, DEPUTY "U.S." ROYAL, IS CAMPING OUT ON "OLD SMOKY" ... WHEN --

PHEW! LUCKY I SAW YOU BOYS CAMP HERE. THERE'S A FIRE DOWN THE LINE AND MY PHONE'S DEAD!

I'LL CALL THE BOYS!

YOU FELLOWS WARN THE PEOPLE IN THE VALLEY...

...AND...

I'LL RIDE MY JET BIKE TO THE LUMBER CAMP FOR HELP.

"U.S." IS BLOCKED BY THE RAGING FIRE... BUT, GAMBLING ON THE SPEED OF HIS JET BIKE, HURTTLES THROUGH.

COME ON, "JET"... LET'S GO!

ARRIVING AT THE LUMBER CAMP...

FIRE! GET YOUR SHOVELS AND FOLLOW ME! HURRY!

WITH THE HELP OF YOU BOYS, WE SAVED MANY LIVES AND PREVENTED SERIOUS DAMAGE. YOU AND YOUR BIKES DESERVE OUR DEEPEST GRATITUDE.

A BIKE IS NO BETTER THAN ITS TIRES... AND U.S. ROYALS ARE TOPS. THEY'RE RUGGED AND SAFE... A WINNING COMBINATION THAT ALWAYS PUTS "U.S." IN THE LEAD.

THE "BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN" GIVES US SURE FOOTING ON ANY ROAD!

"WE ARE ALWAYS READY TO GO WITH OUR BIKES -- SLIPPERY ROADS DON'T FAZE US. U.S. BIKE TIRES GIVE US 'DRY ROAD' TRACTION. THE 'BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN' GRIPS THE ROAD, TAKES THE HILLS AND TURNS SO EASILY. MAKE YOUR NEXT BIKE TIRES 'U.S.' AND BE SURE YOU RIDE THE BEST."

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



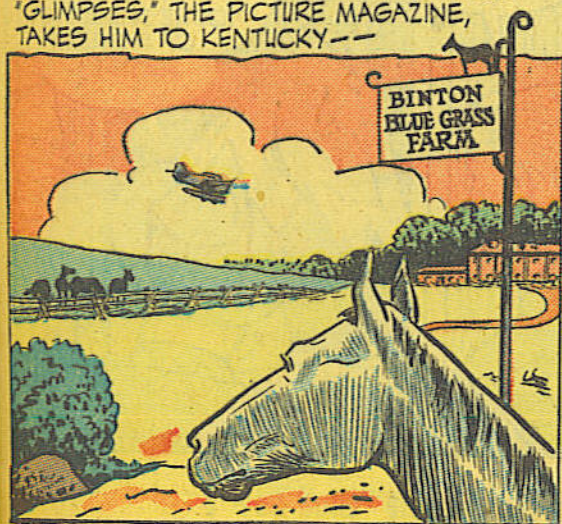
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN

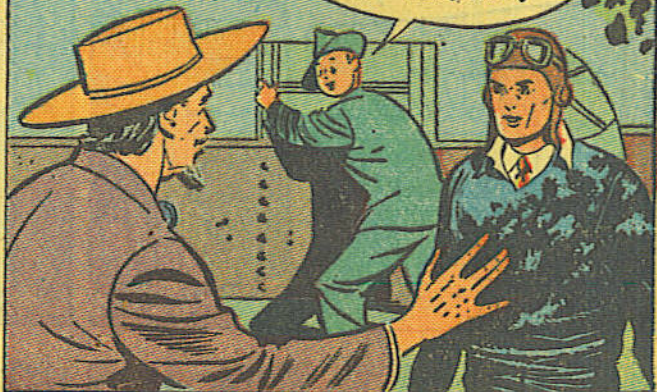


BLUE BOLTS' LATEST ASSIGNMENT FOR "GLIMPSES," THE PICTURE MAGAZINE, TAKES HIM TO KENTUCKY--



WELCOME, GENTLEMEN! I'M COLONEL BINTON.

HIYA, COLONEL! THIS JOINT'S SO PRETTY, I ALMOST WISH I WAS A HORSE MYSELF-- AND DON'T TELL ME I GOT THE FACE FOR IT-- HEH! HEH!



YOUR EDITOR PERSUADED ME, SUH, THAT THE PUBLIC DESERVES A CHANCE TO SEE HOW AMERICA'S BEST HORSES ARE BRED.

BLUE GRASS FARM HAS A WONDERFUL REPUTATION, COLONEL!

YES, AND I NEVER BRED A BETTER ONE THAN ROCKET!

WHERE'S ROCKET NOW?

I TURNED HIM OUT TO PASTURE FOR THE REST OF HIS DAYS! BOGGS HERE CAN FIND HIM FOR YOU!

IF MY OLD BONES WEREN'T SO STIFF, I'D SHOW YOU AROUND MYSELF. GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN!

BRING ON THE HORSES, BOGGSY, OLE BOY!

SOON--
BETTER GET SOME SHOTS OF ROCKET, TOO, SNAP!

OKE!

NIX! YA CAN'T GO NEAR ROCKET! HE'S-- UH-- SICK!

SO WHAT? TAKING HIS PICTURE WON'T HURT HIM--AND MAYBE HE'D LIKE THE PUBLICITY!

THERE HE IS NOW-- AND HE LOOKS PERFECTLY HEALTHY!

SURE! AND THE COLONEL GAVE US A GREEN LIGHT-- STEP ASIDE, BOGGSY! YOU'RE IN THE PATH OF A GREAT ARTIST!

RUN ALONG, SQUIRT!
SNAP THAT CAMERA AND
I'LL SMASH IT TO BITS--
AND YOU, TOO!

ULP!

CALM DOWN, TOUGH GUY!
IT ISN'T IMPORTANT ENOUGH
TO FIGHT OVER!

A FEW MINUTES LATER--

THE NERVE OF
THAT GUY! I
SHOULDA SOCKED
HIM!

STRANGE...
WHY DID HE
GET SO
EXCITED-- AS
IF HE WERE
TRYING TO HIDE
SOMETHING?

HEY! DON'T
LEAVE ME ALONE
WITH BOGGS.
I MIGHT
HAVE TO
STRIKE THE
SAP!

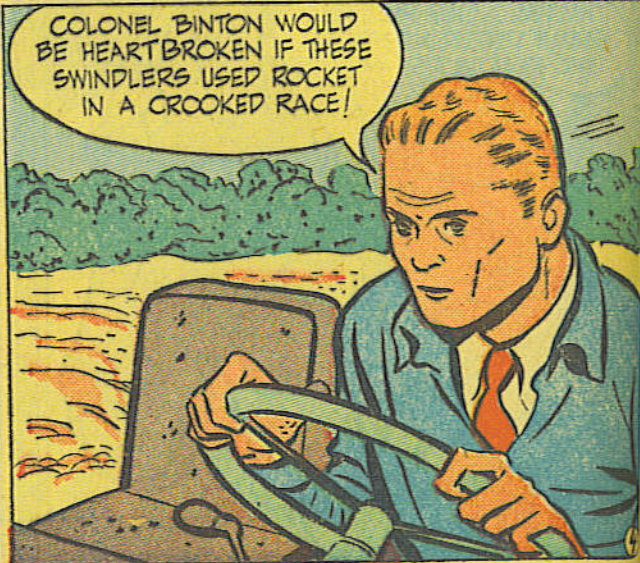
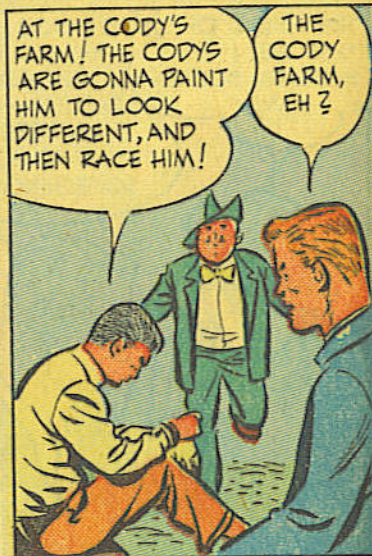
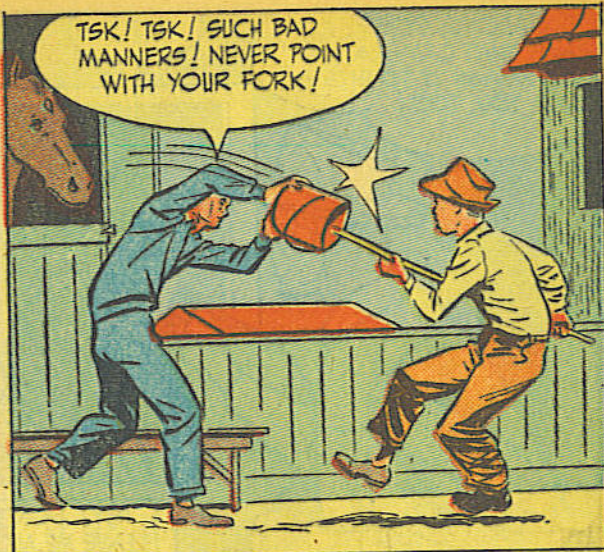
I'LL BE
RIGHT BACK!
I WANT TO
GET SOMETHING
FROM COLONEL
BINTON!

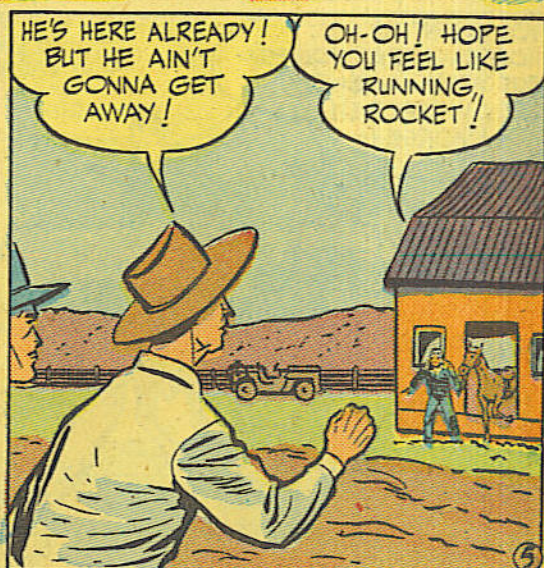
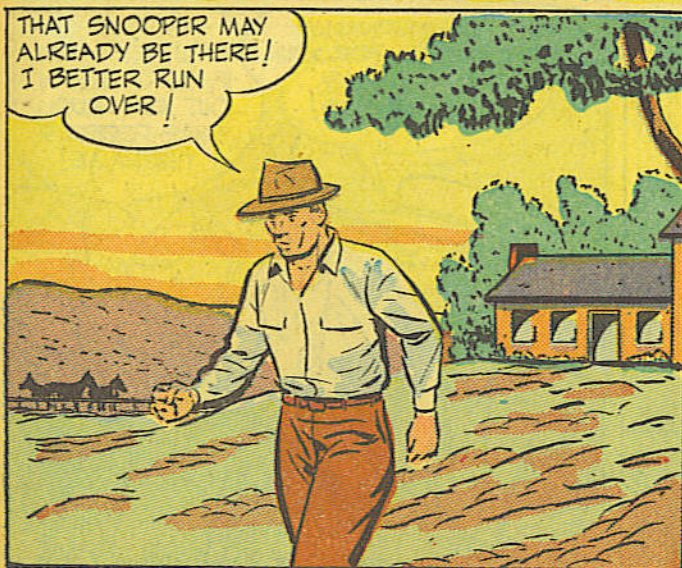
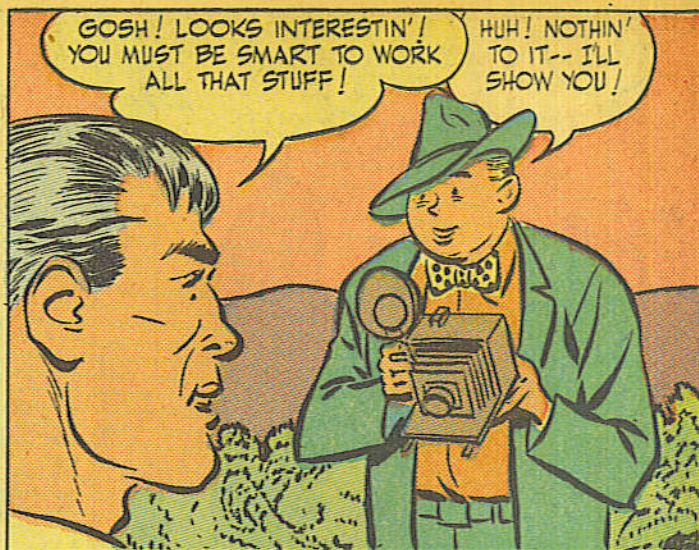
GOLLY! LOOKS AS IF
MY HUNCH WAS WRONG!
BUT I'LL SLIP DOWN TO
THE STABLE,
JUST TO MAKE
SURE!

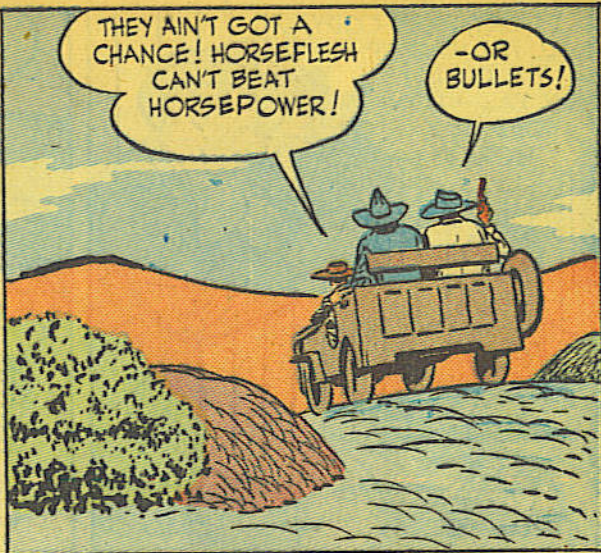
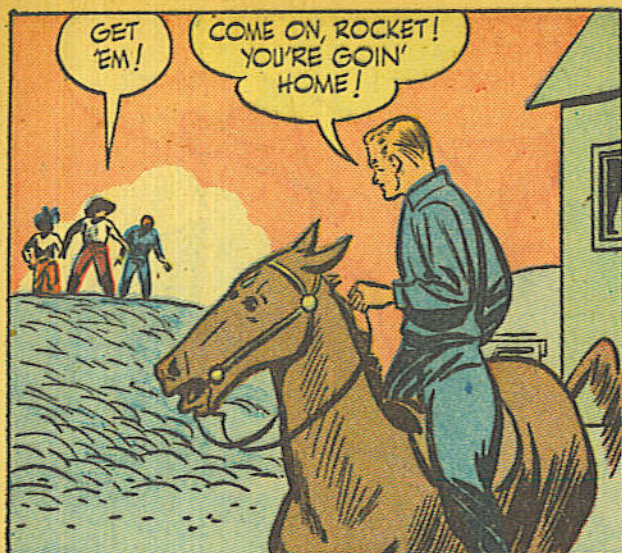
HMMM... THIS PICTURE
SEEMS DIFFERENT FROM
THE REAL HORSE--
BUT HOW?

THEY HAVE
DIFFERENT
MARKS ON THEIR HEADS!
THIS HORSE ISN'T
ROCKET!

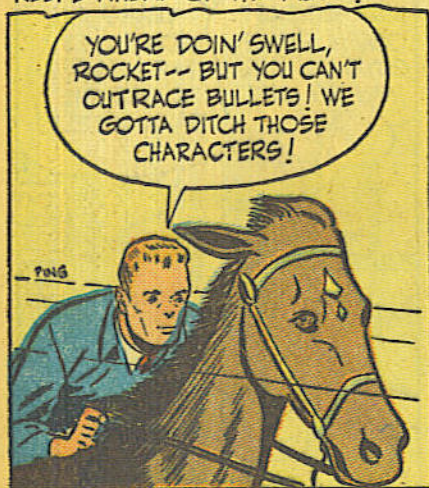
YOU
DOGGONE
SNOOPER!



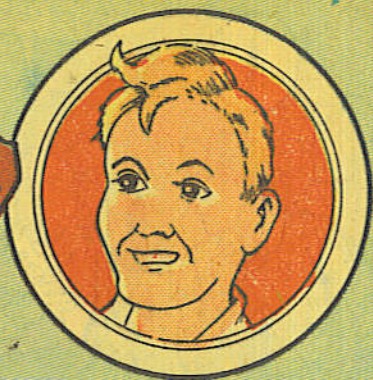




BUT THE SPEEDY RACEHORSE KEEPS AHEAD OF THE AUTO!



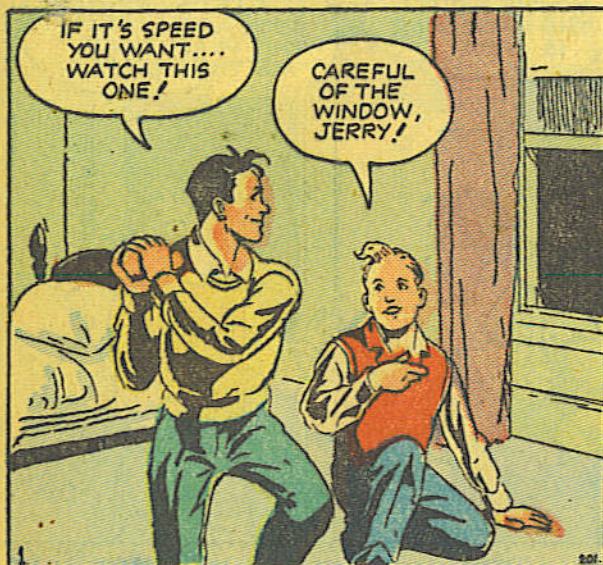
Edison Bell



HAH! BULL'S-EYE!
NOW WHO'S THE
CHAMPEEN BEAN
BAG THROWER?

WRONG, PAL! YOU
TICKED IT BUT IT DID
NOT GO DOWN!

WE FIND THE BOYS SPENDING
WHAT STARTS TO BE A
QUIET EVENING AT HOME...



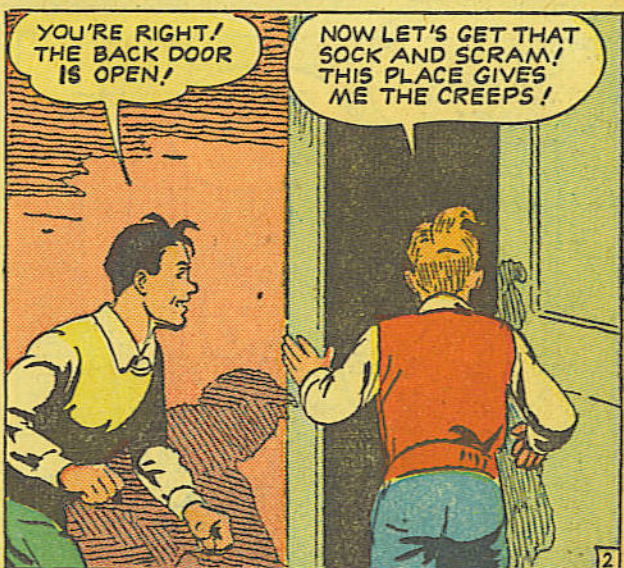
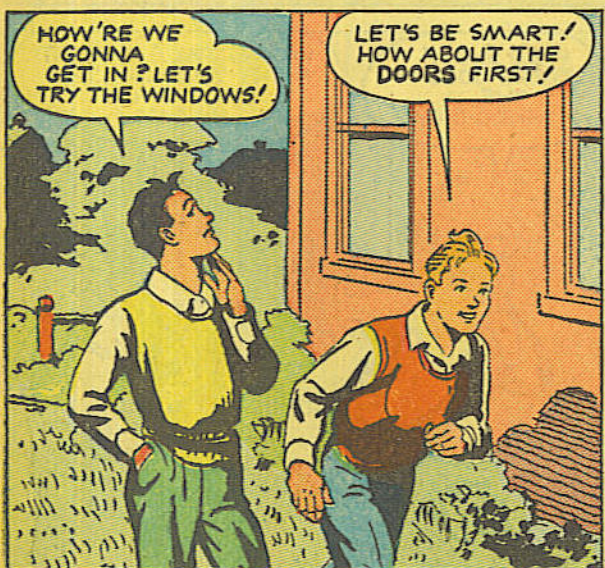
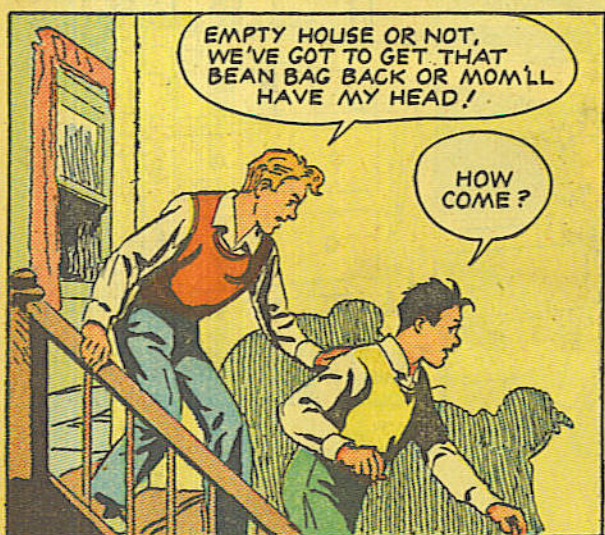
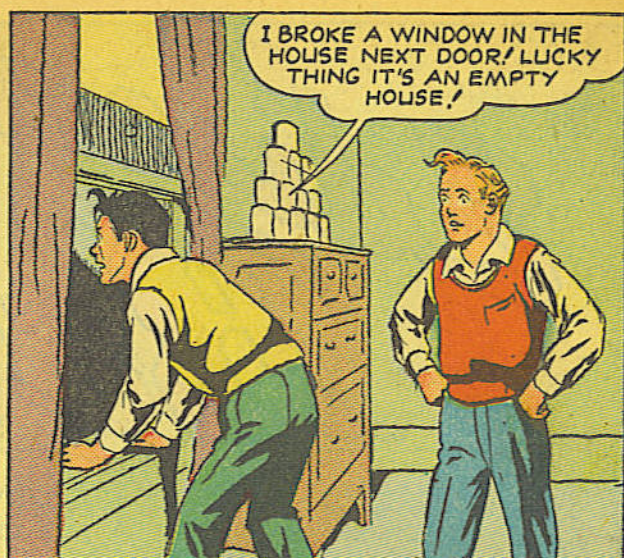
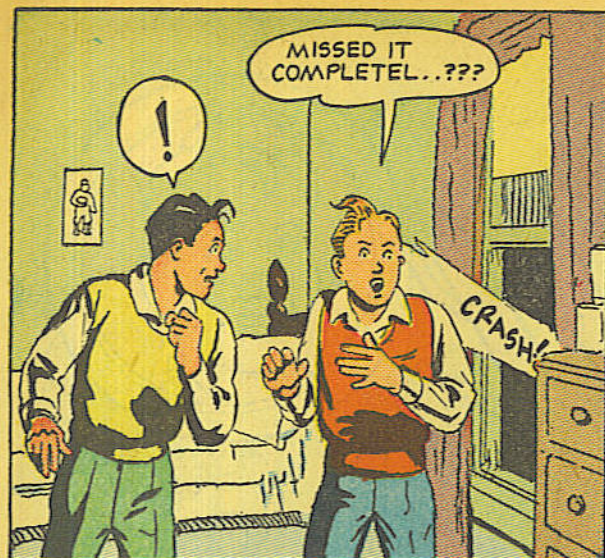
IF IT'S SPEED
YOU WANT....
WATCH THIS
ONE!

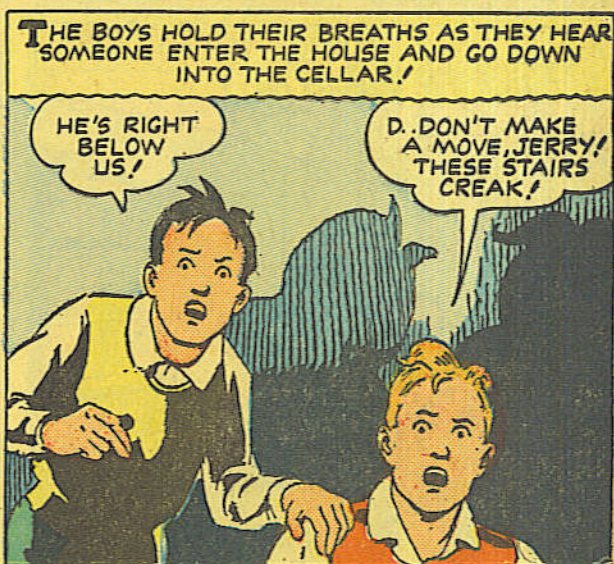
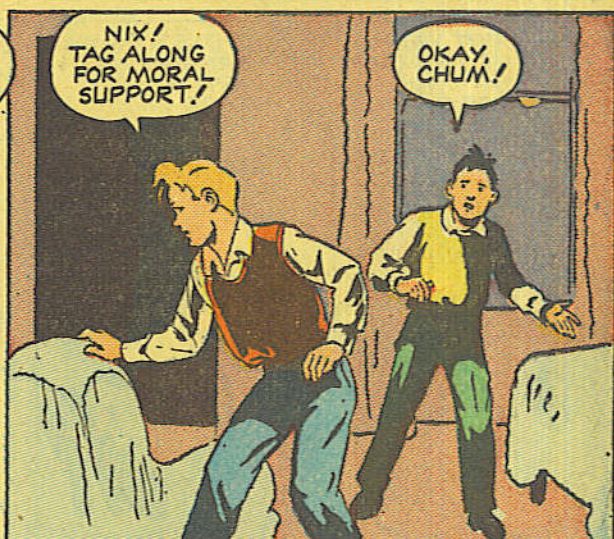
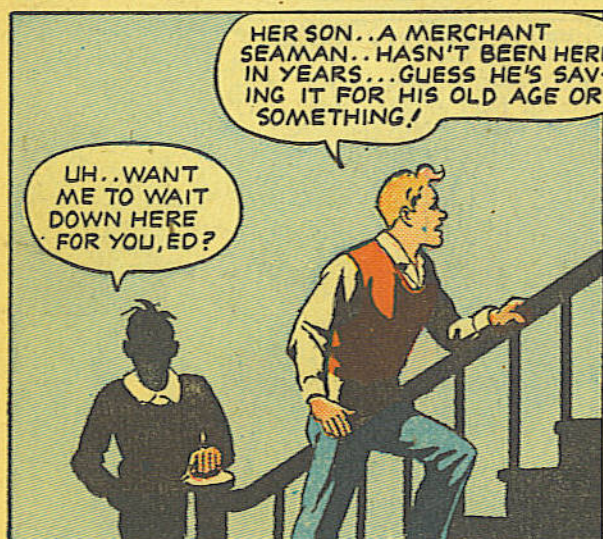
CAREFUL
OF THE
WINDOW,
JERRY!



WILD SHOT!
THERE GOES
THE
WINDO-O-OW!

WRONG, PAL! IT WENT
RIGHT THROUGH THE
OPEN PART!
HA! HA!

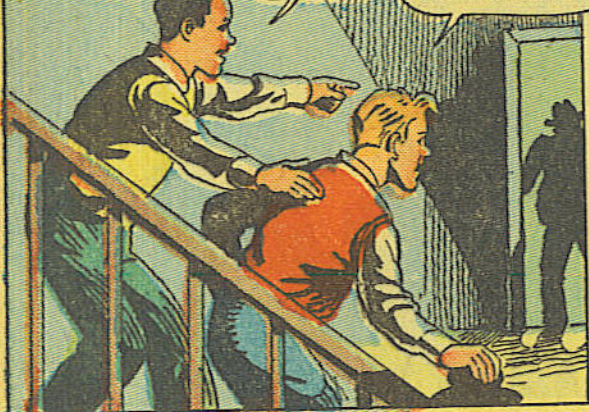




A FEW LONG MINUTES PASS...

LOOKED!
HE'S
LEAVING!

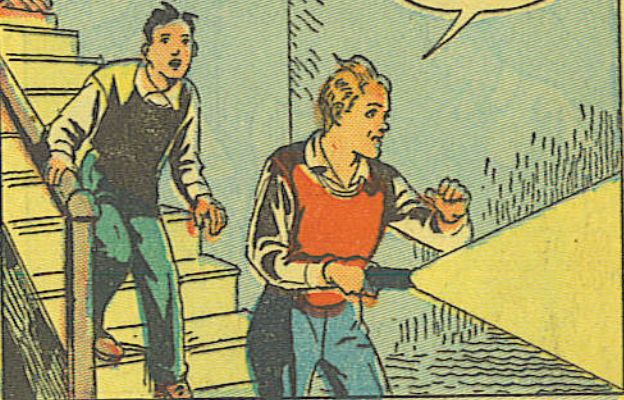
SOMETHING
FUNNY GOING
ON! I'LL GET
MY FLASHLIGHT!



ED RETURNS AND THEY GO DOWN TO INVESTIGATE

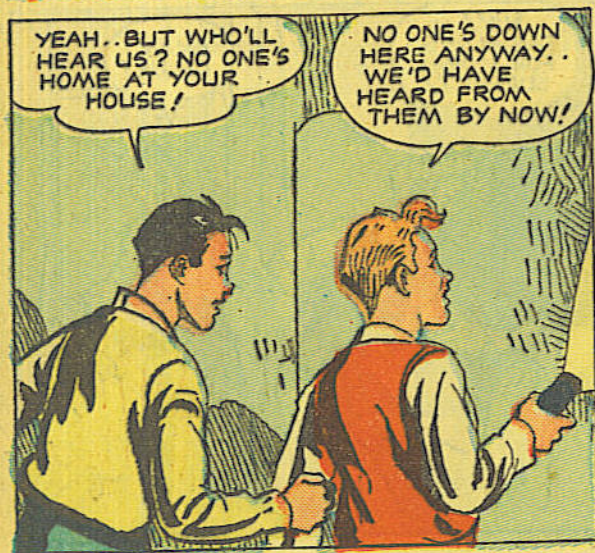
W..WHAT IF THERE'S
SOMEONE DOWN
THERE?

HOLLER LIKE
HECK AND
RUN!



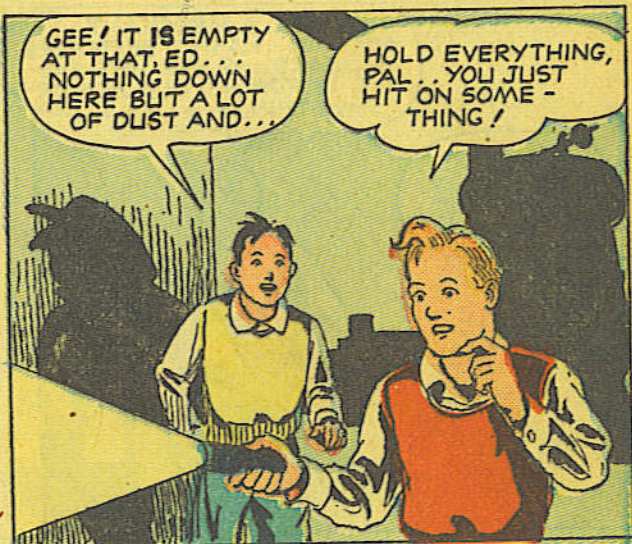
YEAH..BUT WHO'LL
HEAR US? NO ONE'S
HOME AT YOUR
HOUSE!

NO ONE'S DOWN
HERE ANYWAY..
WE'D HAVE
HEARD FROM
THEM BY NOW!



GEE! IT IS EMPTY
AT THAT, ED...
NOTHING DOWN
HERE BUT A LOT
OF DUST AND...

HOLD EVERYTHING,
PAL.. YOU JUST
HIT ON SOME -
THING!



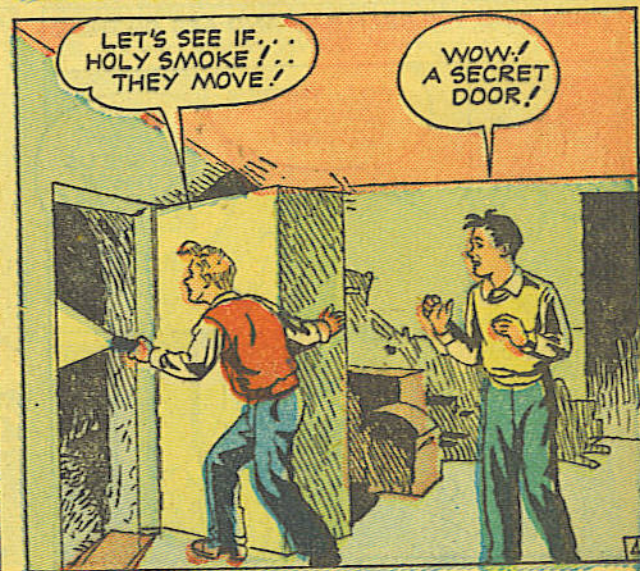
WHAT'S
THAT,
ED?

DUST!...
LOTS OF IT...
EXCEPT ON
THESE WALL
SHELVES!



LET'S SEE IF...
HOLY SMOKE!...
THEY MOVE!

WOW!
A SECRET
DOOR!



QUESTION No. 8 "Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf," pertains to a collection of books. Name the collection.



A TUNNEL! WHAT'S IT FOR, ED?

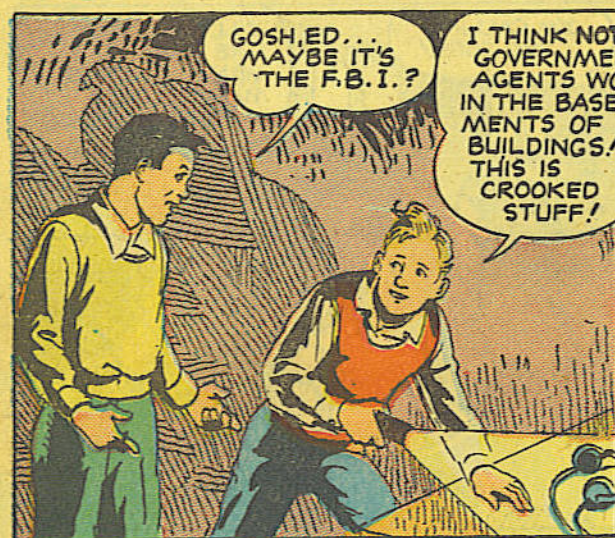
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! C'MON!

THE POORLY IMPROVISED PASSAGeway LEADS OUT UNDER THE LAWN AND SIDEWALK!



HERE'S THE ANSWER... EARPHONES CONNECTED TO THE TELEPHONE CABLES UNDER THE STREET!

WIRE TAPPING!



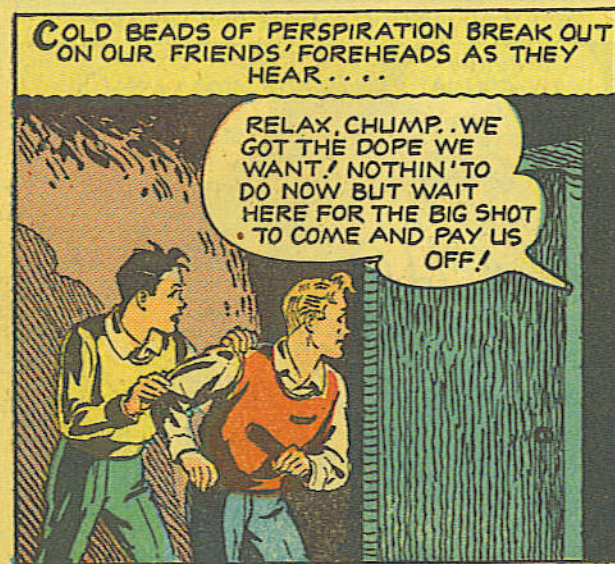
GOSH, ED... MAYBE IT'S THE F.B.I.?

I THINK NOT! GOVERNMENT AGENTS WORK IN THE BASEMENTS OF BUILDINGS! THIS IS CROOKED STUFF!



YIPE! WE BETTER SCRAM BEFORE THEY COME, B...

SHH! SOMEONE'S COMING!



COLD BEADS OF PERSPIRATION BREAK OUT ON OUR FRIENDS' FOREHEADS AS THEY HEAR...

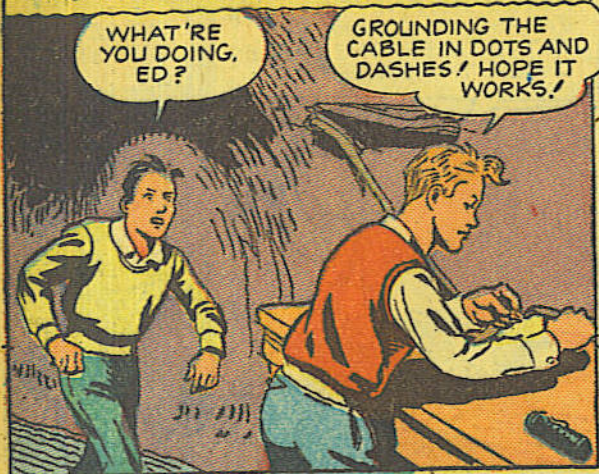
RELAX, CHUMP... WE GOT THE DOPE WE WANT! NOTHIN' TO DO NOW BUT WAIT HERE FOR THE BIG SHOT TO COME AND PAY US OFF!



ED STARTS BACK DOWN THE TUNNEL... TOWARD THE DEAD END...

WHAT'S ED UP TO? ..WE'RE TRAPPED!

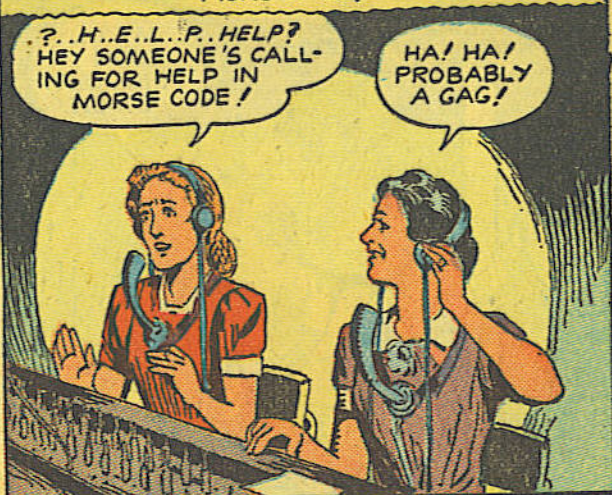
ED FLICKS HIS LIGHT ON FOR A SECOND,
LOCATES THE BARED TELEPHONE WIRE,
AND THEN GOES TO WORK!



WHAT'RE
YOU DOING,
ED?

GROUNDING THE
CABLE IN DOTS AND
DASHES! HOPE IT
WORKS!

AND IT DOES! A LOCAL TELEPHONE OPERATOR
PICKS IT UP!



?..H..E..L..P..HELP?
HEY SOMEONE'S CALL-
ING FOR HELP IN
MORSE CODE!

HA! HA!
PROBABLY
A GAG!



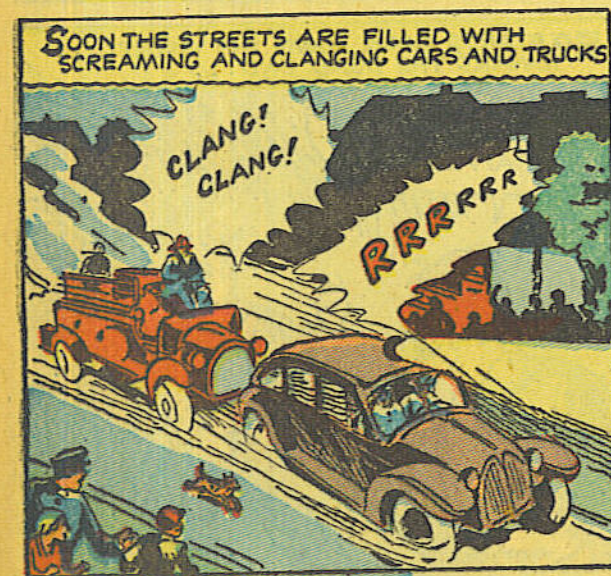
MAYBE SO, BUT...
SAY... HERE COMES
THE ADDRESS!

?



I'M CALLING
THE COPS!

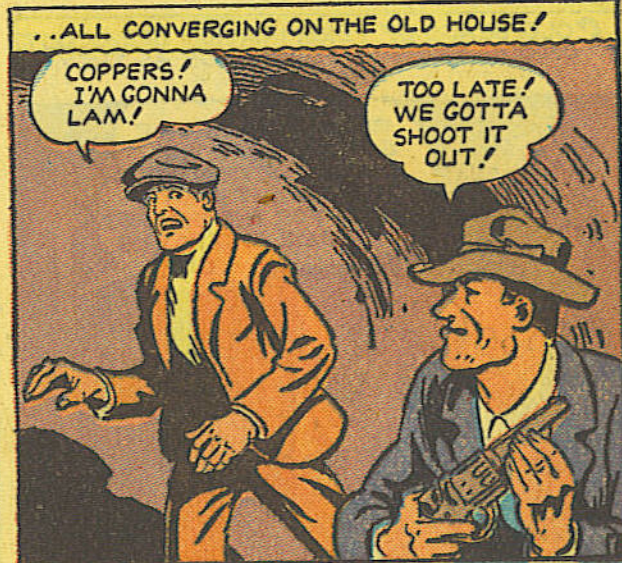
I'LL CALL THE
FIRE DEPART-
MENT... JUST TO
MAKE SURE!
ISN'T IT EXCITING?



SOON THE STREETS ARE FILLED WITH
SCREAMING AND CLANGING CARS AND TRUCKS

CLANG!
CLANG!

RRRRRR



...ALL CONVERGING ON THE OLD HOUSE!

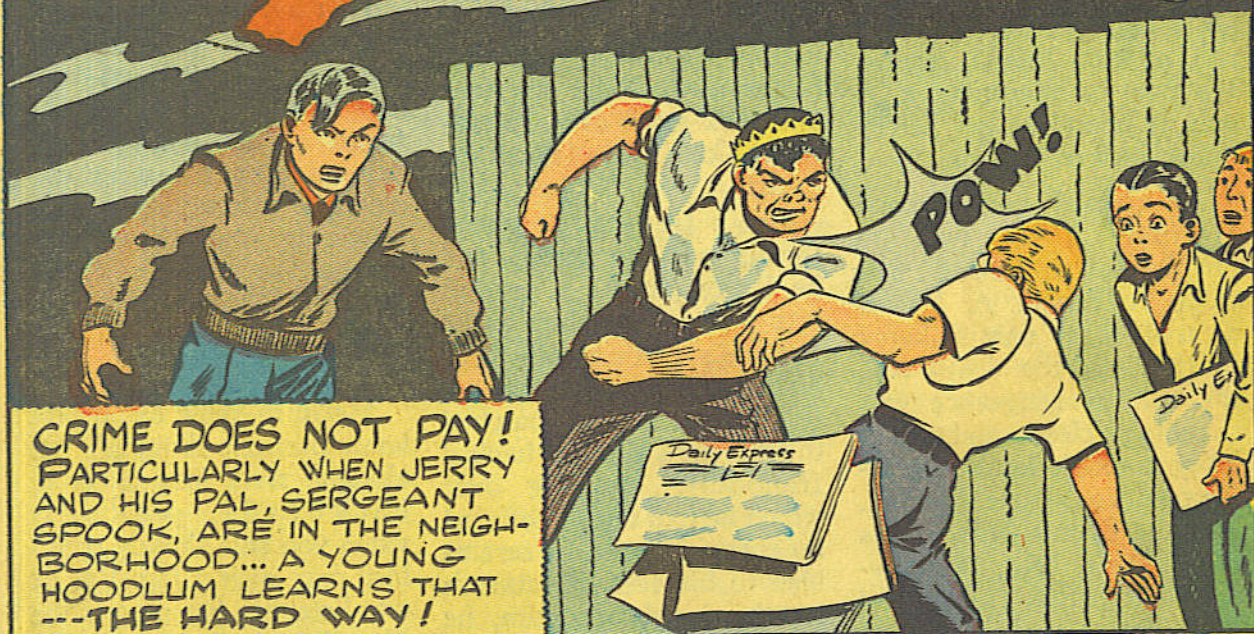
COPPERS!
I'M GONNA
LAM!

TOO LATE!
WE GOTTA
SHOOT IT
OUT!

QUESTION No. 2. How many of you can spell the letters SOS in Morse code?

Sergeant Spook

Art by
DON
RICO



CRIME DOES NOT PAY!
PARTICULARLY WHEN JERRY
AND HIS PAL, SERGEANT
SPOOK, ARE IN THE NEIGH-
BORHOOD... A YOUNG
HOODLUM LEARNS THAT
---THE HARD WAY!

JERRY STUMBLES INTO A
STRANGE SITUATION....

NEXT TIME--SELL MORE
PAPERS--OR YOU'LL GET
WORSE THAN
THAT!



Y-YES,
SIR!

WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE?

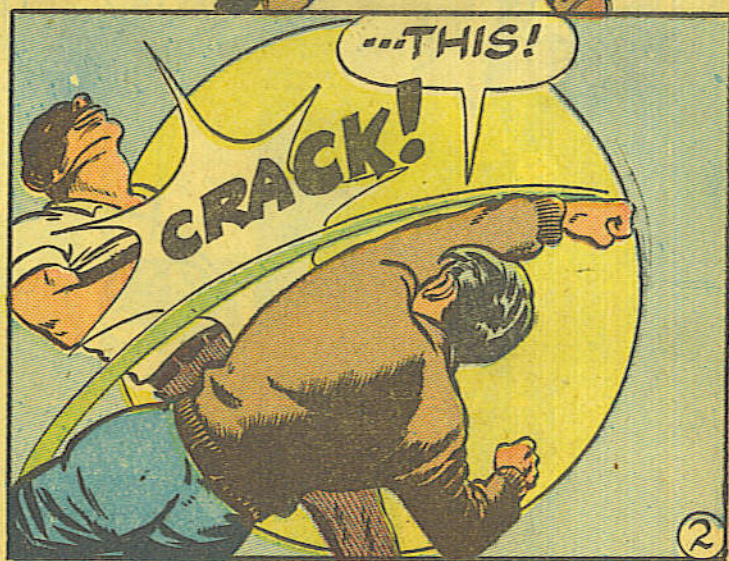
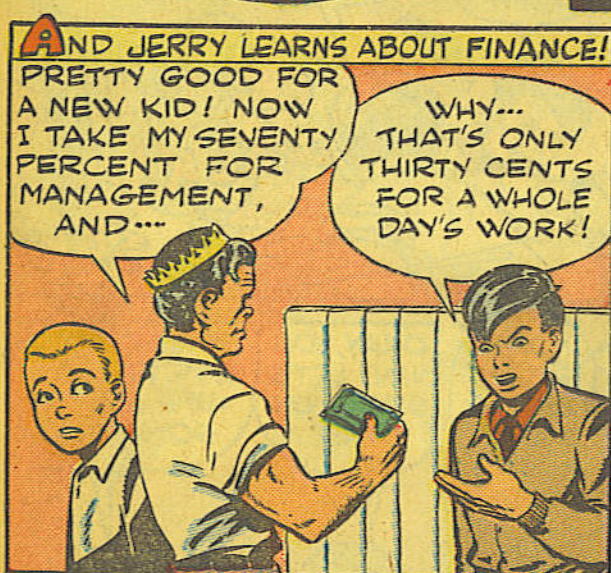
AND YOU! IF
YOU'RE A NEW KID
THAT WANTS TO
SELL PAPERS---
GET IN
LINE!

ER--ALL
RIGHT!
NOW I'LL
FIND OUT
WHAT THIS
IS ABOUT!

SELL THESE ON MY CORNER
OVER THERE WITH THAT
OTHER KID! NOW...
SCRAM!



OOF!



GUESS I HAVE
TA GIVE THIS
FRESH KID THE
REAL BUSINESS!
I'LL USE THE
BRASS
KNUCKLES
SPIKE
GAVE
ME!

NOW SEE
WHAT YOU
DID! YOU
MADE HIM
MAD!

I'M IN A BAD
SPOT, ALL
RIGHT! LUCKY
I CAN CALL
SERGEANT
SPOOK BY
RUBBING
THIS RING!

SORRY, SPOOK!
I THOUGHT I COULD
HANDLE THIS
MYSELF!

THAT'S OKAY,
JERRY! JUST
DUCK!



OF COURSE,
NO ONE CAN
SEE SPOOK
EXCEPT
JERRY, SO...

NICE
TRY,
MIKE!

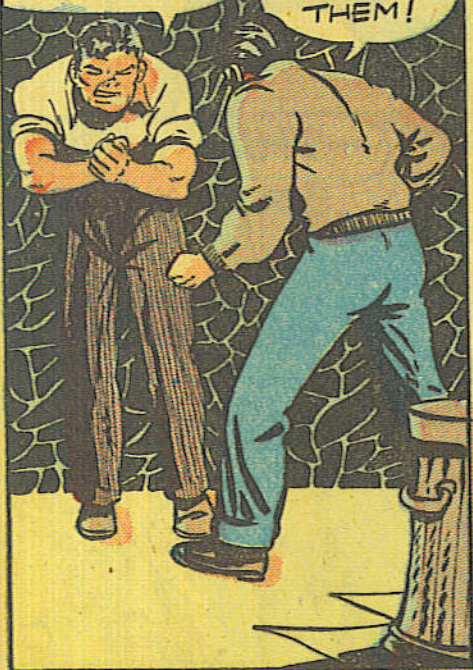
OW!

THAT'LL TEACH
HIM A
LESSON!



OOOOH!
THESE BRASS
KNUCKLES
ALMOST BROKE
MY HAND!

MAYBE YOU
CAN FIGHT
BETTER
WITHOUT
THEM!



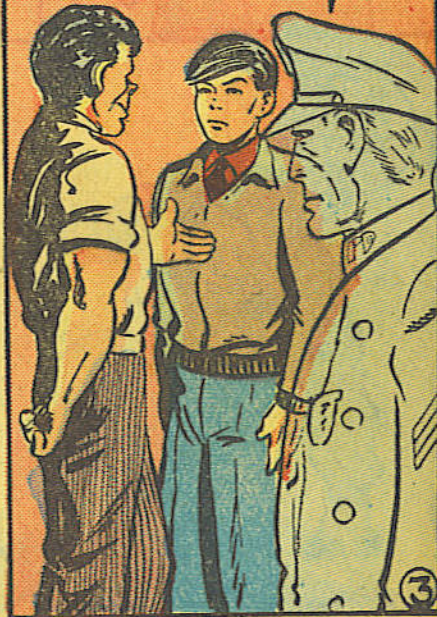
YOU
WOULDN'T
HIT A GUY
WHOSE
GOT A
BUSTED
HAND,
WOULD
YA?

NO
BUT I'M
NOT TOO
SURE
YOU
WOULDN'T!



OKAY, YOU
WIN! LET'S
SHAKE ON
THAT!

BETTER WATCH
THIS FELLOW!
HE'S UP TO
SOMETHING!



BUT MIKE SUDDENLY SEIZES JERRY'S HAND AND YANKS HIM OFF BALANCE!

YOU FELL FOR IT, SUCKER!

JUST AS I THOUGHT!

THANKS, SPOOK!

DON'T MENTION IT, JERRY! IT'S A PLEASURE!

GEE! THAT KID HITS LIKE A CHAMP!

POW!

OH, BOY! YOU LICKED BIG MIKE!

YOU CAN BE OUR NEW BOSS!

NO, FELLOWS!

WHATEVER HIT ME--- I DIDN'T SEE IT COMIN'!

YEAH! AND MAKE A LOT OF MONEY LIKE MIKE DID!

AS THE BEATEN BILLY SLINKS OFF, THE INVISIBLE SPOOK FOLLOWS.

FROM NOW ON, YOU CAN SELL PAPERS WITHOUT A "BOSS"!

I'LL GET EVEN WITH THAT WISE-GUY! WAIT'LL SPIKE HEARS ABOUT THIS!

IN A DINGY POOLROOM NEAR THE RAILROAD TRACKS...

SPIKE, I'M IN A JAM! A TOUGH GUY IS CHISLIN' IN ON ME!

HE IS, HUH? DAT'S EASY! GET YER MOB TO TAKE CARE OF HIM!

SO THAT'S MIKE'S INSPIRATION!

SPOOK DOES A LITTLE POLICE WORK...

AND IF DAT DON'T WORK, ME AND THE BOYS'LL DO THE JOB FOR YA!

GEE! T'ANKS, SPIKE!

HMMM! SPIKE'S FINGERPRINTS MAY COME IN HANDY!

AT HEADQUARTERS, WHERE HE ONCE WORKED AS A MORTAL, SPOOK DOES A LITTLE INVESTIGATING...

JUST AS I THOUGHT! D-D-O SPIKE IS A SMALL-TIME RACKETEER... NEVER JAILED BECAUSE WITNESSES ARE ALWAYS AFRAID TO TALK!

YOU S-SEE THAT?

MUST BE A STRONG BREEZE!

THIS TIME HE AND HIS MOB WILL BE CAUGHT RED-HANDED!

IF IT'S A BREEZE, IT'S WORKING A TYPEWRITER NOW!

GOLLY! IT MUST BE ONE OF THOSE GHOST WRITERS I'VE BEEN HEARIN' ABOUT! IT SAYS, "THERE'LL BE TROUBLE AT MAIN AND STATE STREETS IN HALF AN HOUR!"

BUT TROUBLE HAS ALREADY STARTED! BIG MIKE AND HIS JUNIOR MOB RETURN...

WELL, WISE GUY... WHO'S AFRAID OF YOU NOW?

SO YOU'VE BROUGHT YOUR GANG!

HEY, FELLOWS!

OW! GET HIM, GANG!

BUT, INSPIRED BY JERRY'S LEADERSHIP, THE NEWSBOYS PITCH INTO THE FIGHT!

SO YOU'RE PRACTICING TO BE A GANGSTER! WELL, I'M PRACTICING TO BE A COP!

THE POWER OF THE PRESS! WOW!

SAY! LEMME IN ON THIS!

SEEING THE FIGHT GO AGAINST HIM, BIG MIKE MAKES A QUICK EXIT!

I DIDN'T KNOW THOSE KIDS COULD FIGHT LIKE THAT! I'LL HAFTA GET SPIKE!

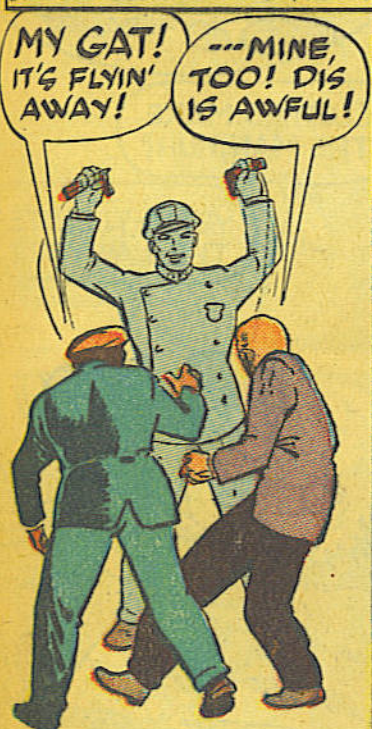
SPOOK RETURNS JUST IN TIME TO SEE.....



THE INVISIBLE SPOOK GRABS THE GUN OUT OF SPIKE'S HAND!



QUICK AS A FLASH, SPOOK DISARMS THE MUGS!



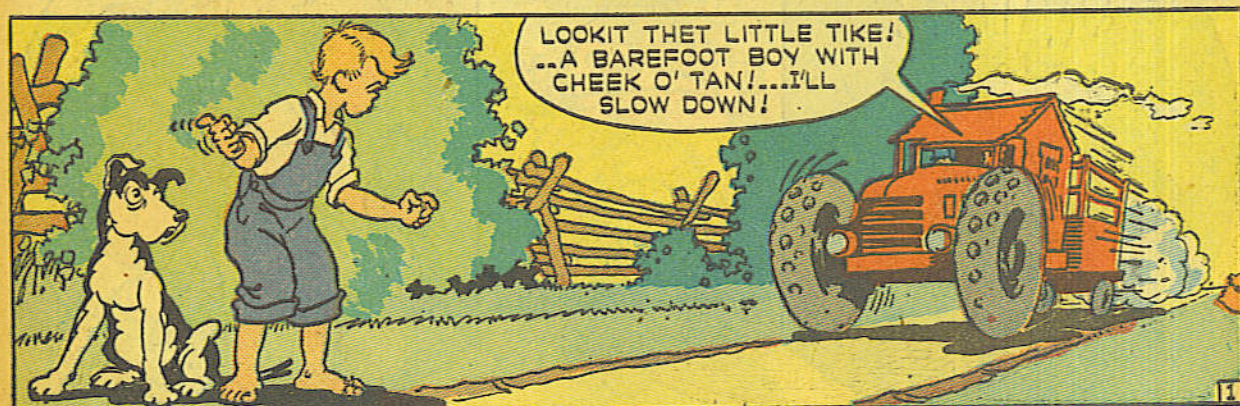
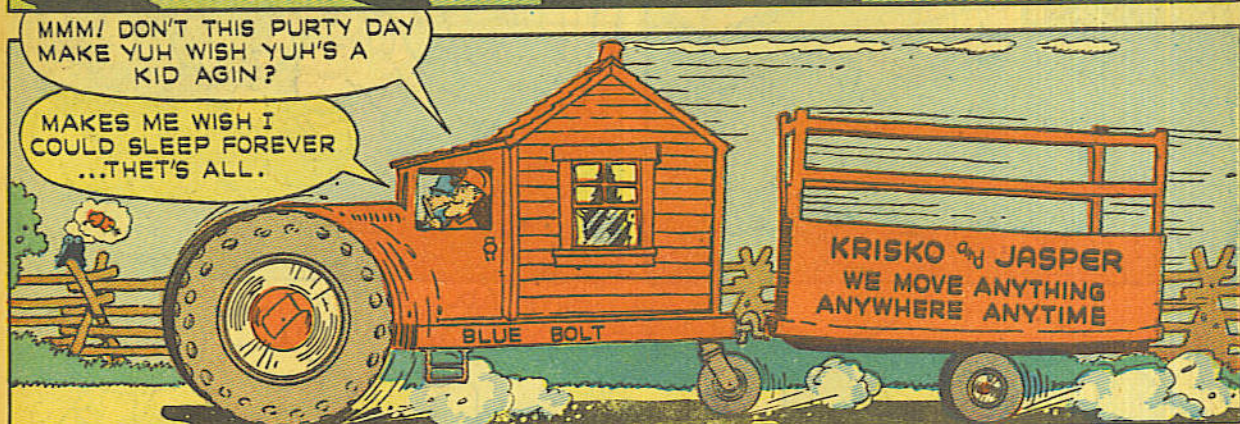
SHORN OF THEIR GUNS, THE GANGSTERS SHOW THEIR COWARDICE...



Krisko and Jasper

SEEMS OUR TWO PALS, ONE TIME TOUCH-DOWN CHAMPEENS OF THEIR HIGH SCHOOL, DON'T KNOW A GOALPOST FROM A RAIL FENCE! IF Y'WANNA BE REALLY DISGUSTED, READ HOW THEY COME OUT IN A LITTLE SANDLOT SCRIMMAGE WITH THE 'COOTS-VILLE ROOT TOOTERS.'

ART. BY
JACOB A.
WARREN.



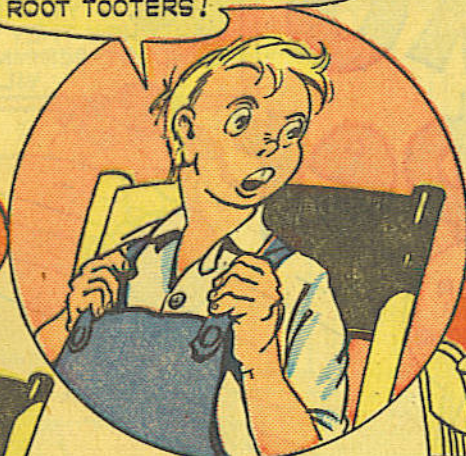
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SONNY?

HUH?
OH!

ERNIE MITCHELL, SECOND STRING HALFBACK AN' TALENT SCOUT FER THE COOTSVILLE ROOT TOOTERS!

TALENT SCOUT?..YOU MEAN YUH FIND NEW PLAYERS FER THE TEAM?

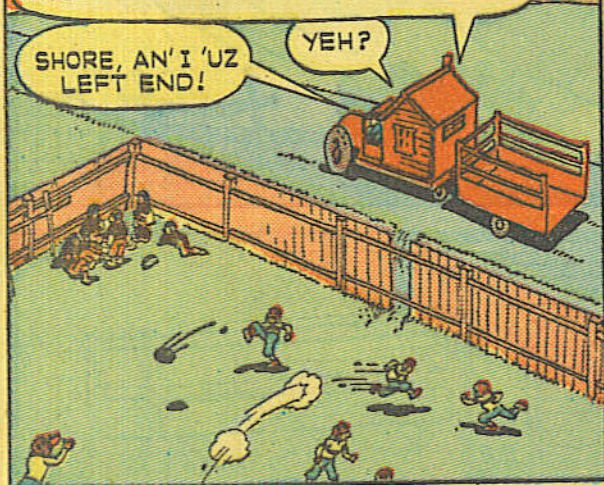
SURE! YOU INTERESTED IN PLAYIN' MISTER?



WHY, SURE! I USED TO BE HALFBACK MYSELF FER DEAR OL' DEWLAP HIGH!

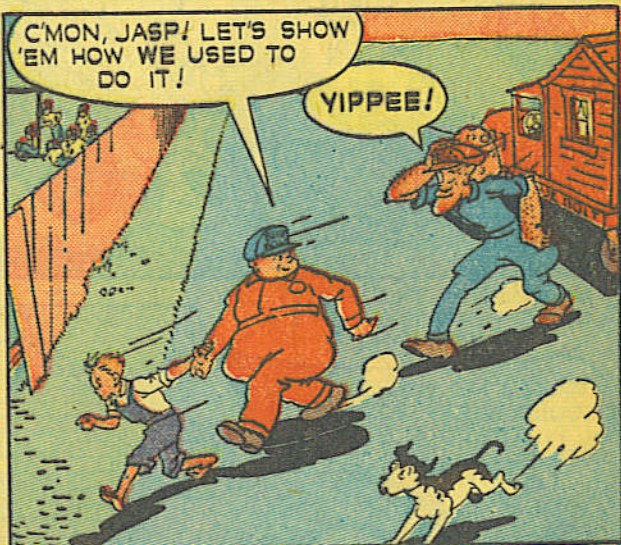
SHORE, AN' I 'UZ LEFT END!

YEH?



C'MON, JASP! LET'S SHOW 'EM HOW WE USED TO DO IT!

YIPPEE!



HOORAY, REAL GUYS ON OUR TEAM!

COME, COME, BOYS, LET'S SEE THE PIGSKIN!

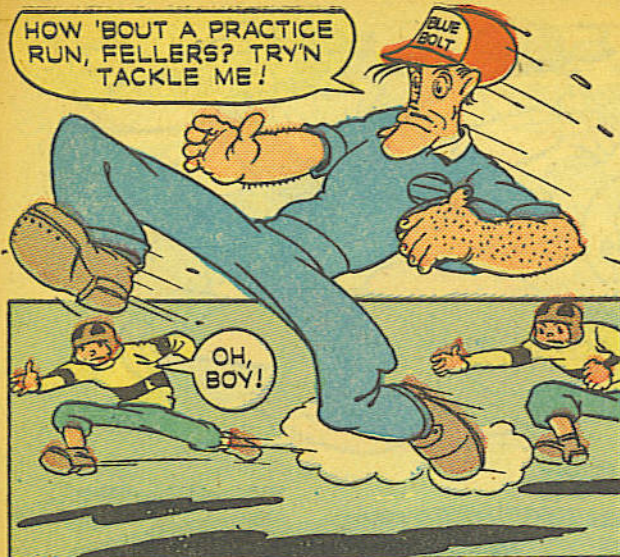
OLD BUTTER-FINGERS! HAW, HAW!

THAT'S... OW!

PLOINK



HOW 'BOUT A PRACTICE
RUN, FELLERS? TRY'N
TACKLE ME!



OH,
BOY!

GOT HIM!

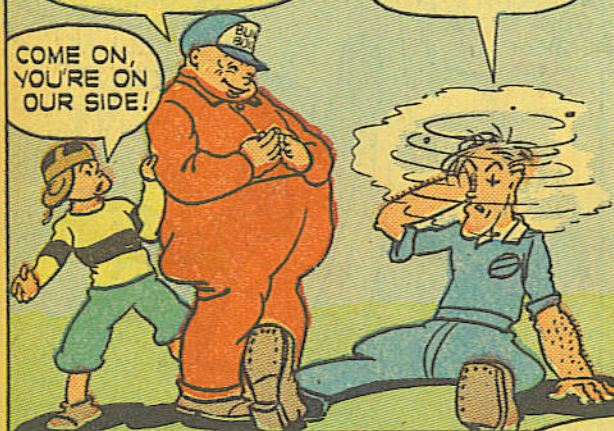
AWRRRK!



Y' OL' BEANPOLE, HOW
Y' EXPECT T' STAND
UP AGAINST A REAL
TACKLE!

JUST--(GASP) OUTA
CONDITION A LITTLE!
WAIT'LL I GIT
WARMED UP!

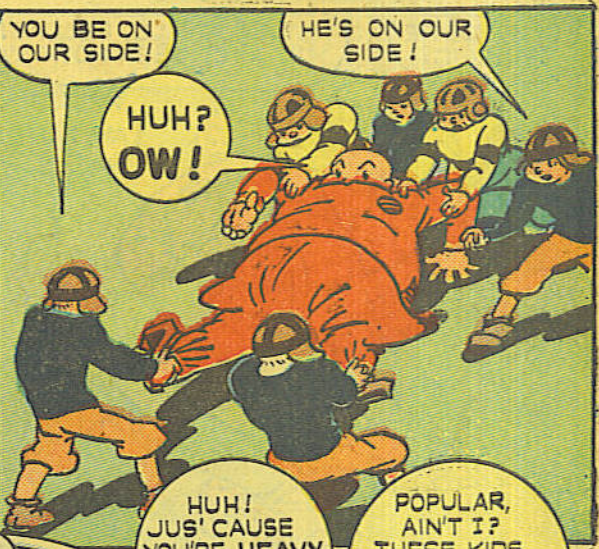
COME ON,
YOU'RE ON
OUR SIDE!



YOU BE ON
OUR SIDE!

HE'S ON OUR
SIDE!

HUH?
OW!



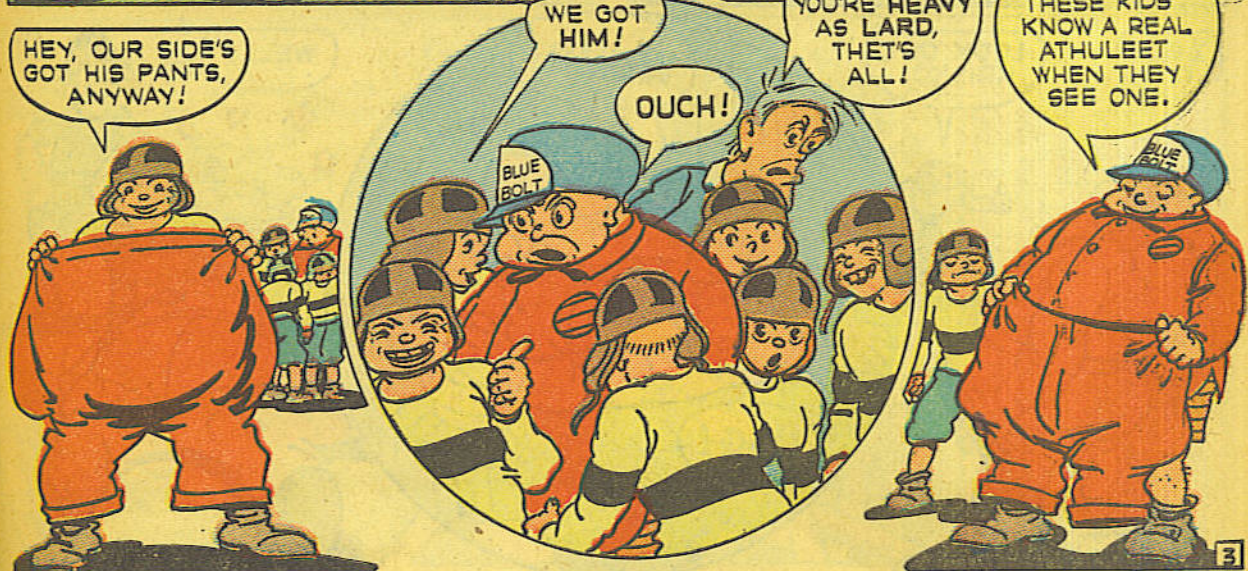
HEY, OUR SIDE'S
GOT HIS PANTS,
ANYWAY!

WE GOT
HIM!

OUCH!

HUH!
JUS' CAUSE
YOU'RE HEAVY
AS LARD,
THET'S
ALL!

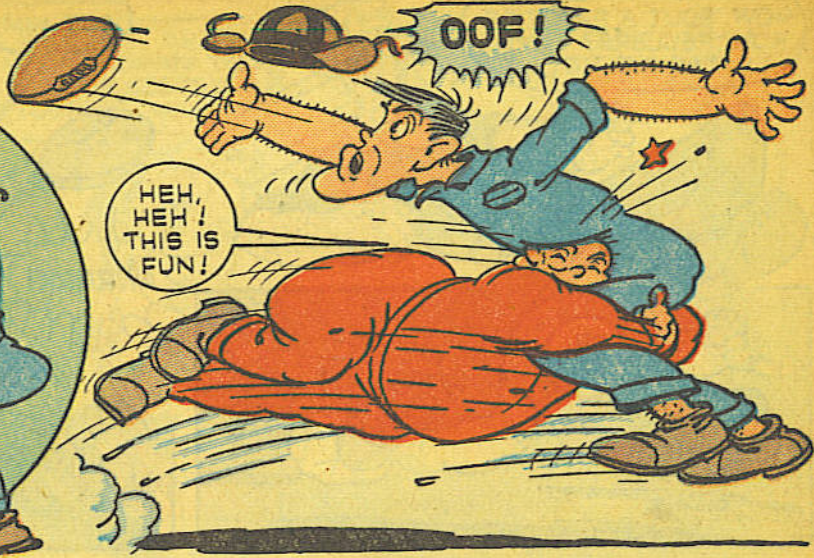
POPULAR,
AIN'T I?
THESE KIDS
KNOW A REAL
ATHULEET
WHEN THEY
SEE ONE.



THE GAME BEGINS...
ERNIE KICKING OFF!

KRISKO ON ONE
SIDE, ME ON
T'OTHER...LET'S
GO!

HOORAY!



OOF!

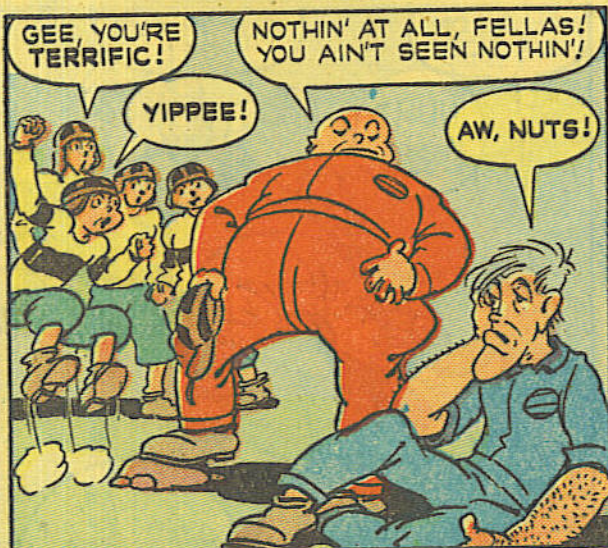
HEH,
HEH!
THIS IS
FUN!

GEE, YOU'RE
TERRIFIC!

NOTHIN' AT ALL, FELLAS!
YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN'!

YIPPEE!

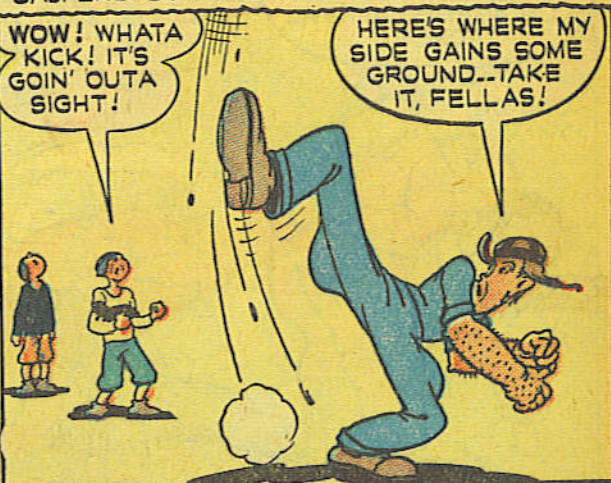
AW, NUTS!



BUT KRISKO'S TEAM FUMBLES! 'SNAKEHIPS'
JASPER'S GOT THE BALL!...HE KICKS...

WOW! WHAT A
KICK! IT'S
GOIN' OUTA
SIGHT!

HERE'S WHERE MY
SIDE GAINS SOME
GROUND...TAKE
IT, FELLAS!



I GOT
IT!

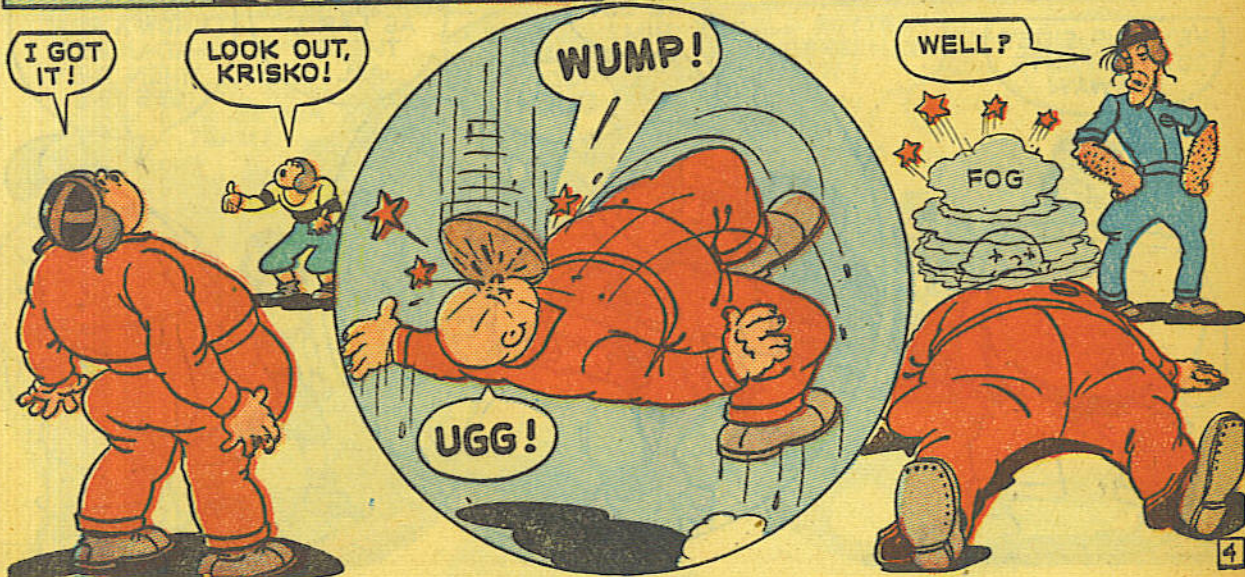
LOOK OUT,
KRISKO!

WUMP!

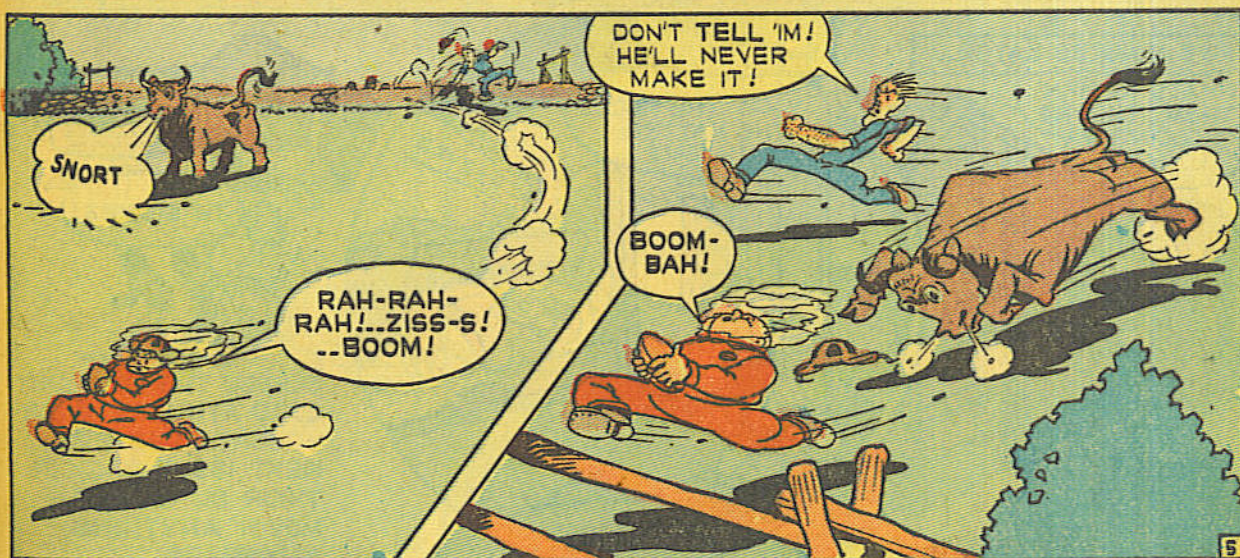
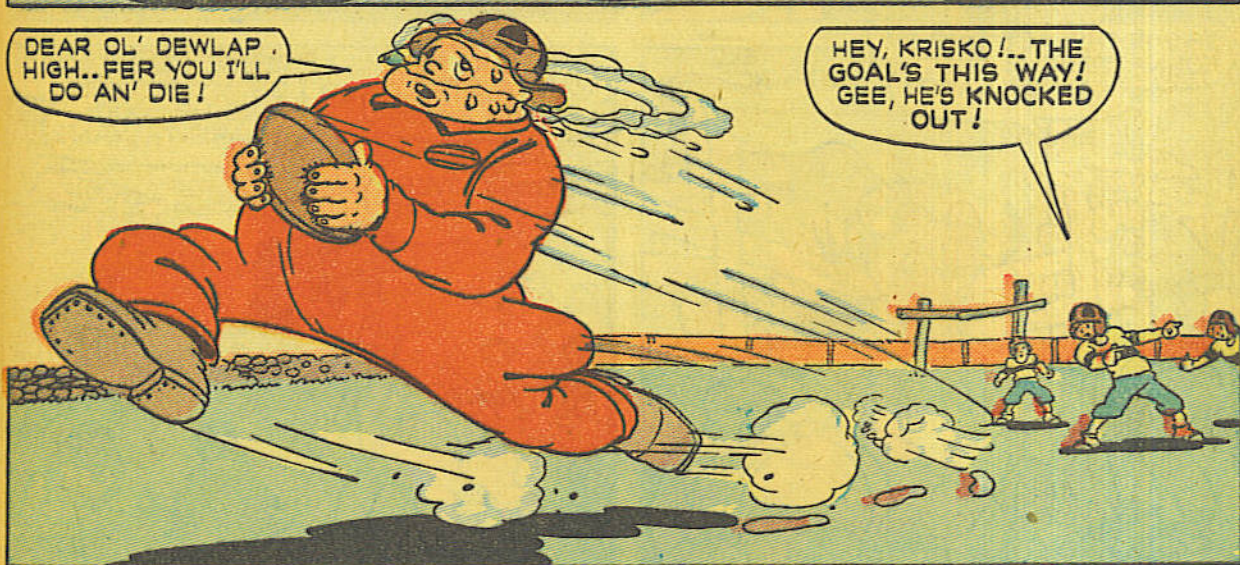
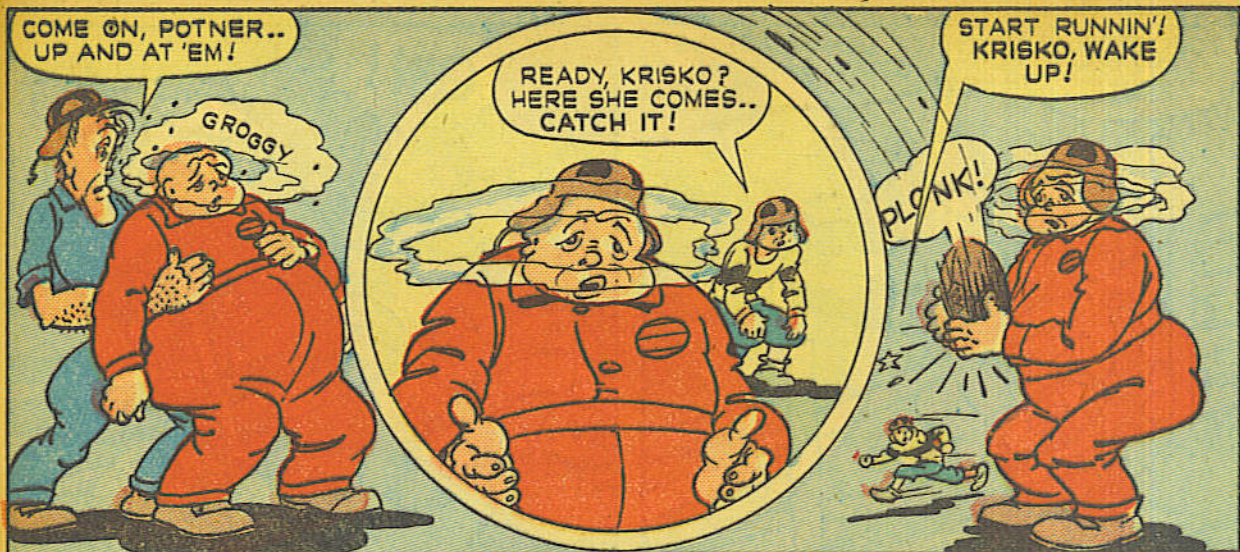
WELL?

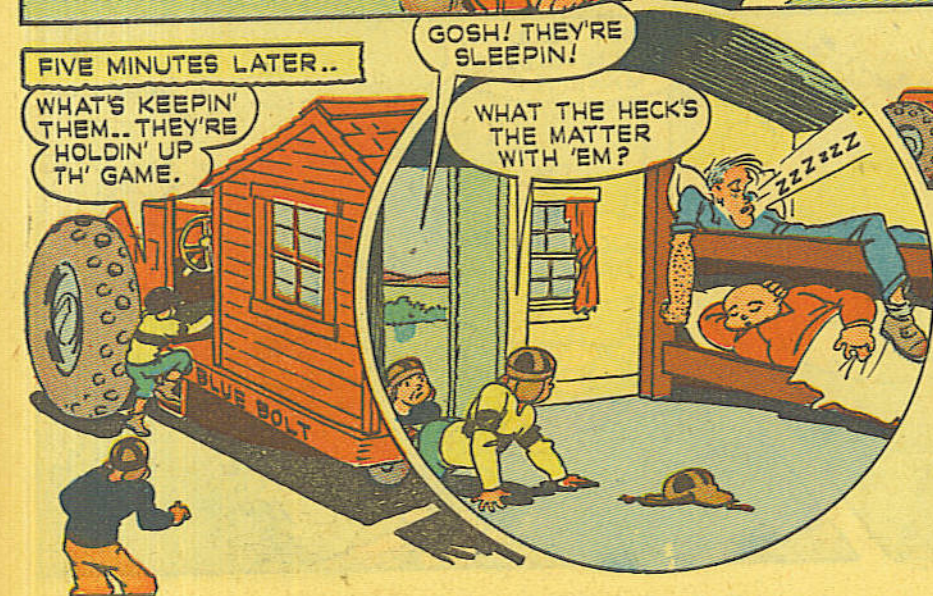
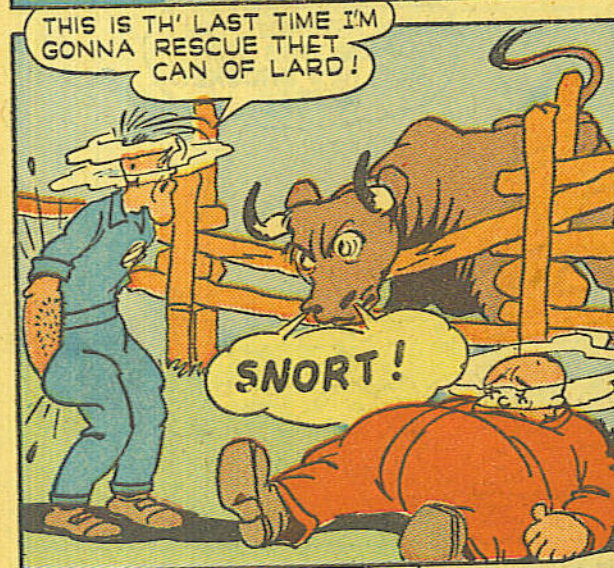
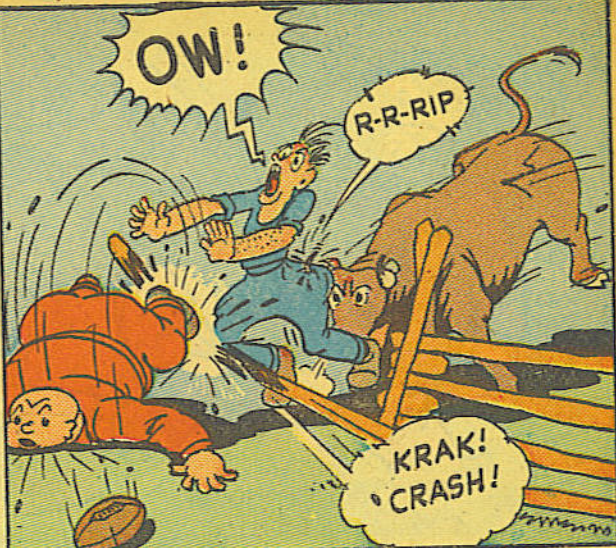
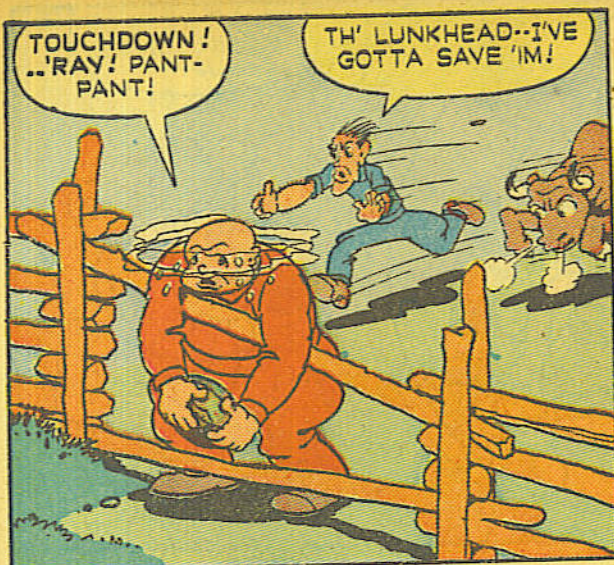
UGG!

FOG



QUESTION No. 14. What famous war correspondent was killed on Ie Shima?





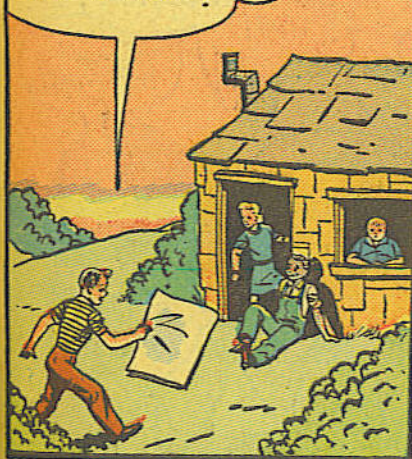
MEBBE THE BOYS AINT
GOOD ATHULEETS BUT
Y'OUTHTA SEE 'EM
NEXT ISSUE, BACK IN
THEIR OL' GROOVE--
MOVIN' ANYTHING
ANYWHARS.

FEARLESS FELLERS

By
Joe Donatto



HEY! THERE'S A MASQUERADE BALL AT THE TOWN HALL TONIGHT!



LOOK! FANCY COSTUMES, MASKS AND EVERYTHING!

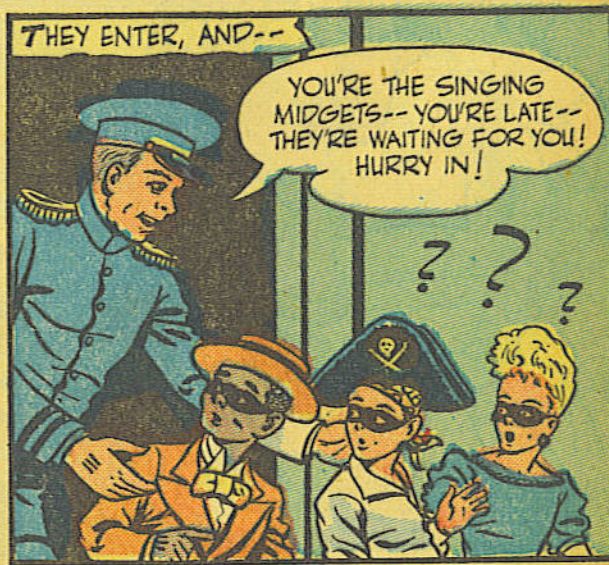
GEE, I WISH WE COULD GO!



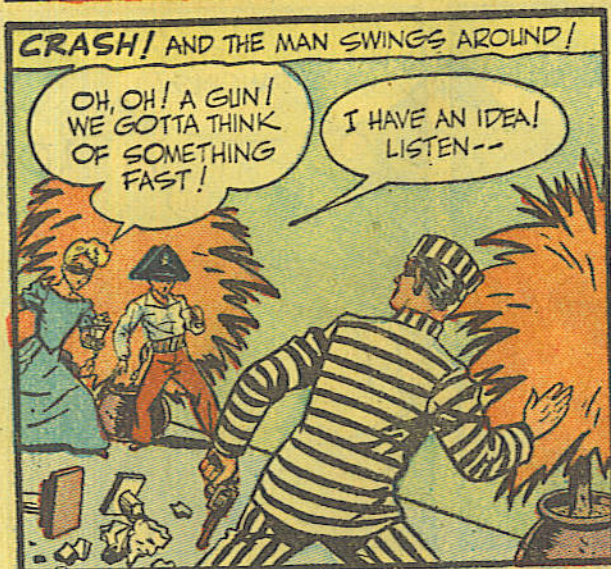
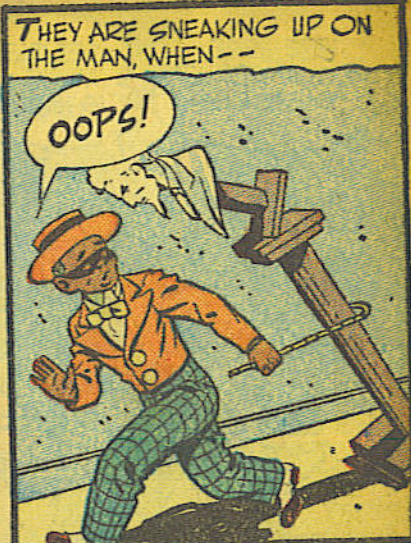
WHY CAN'T WE?

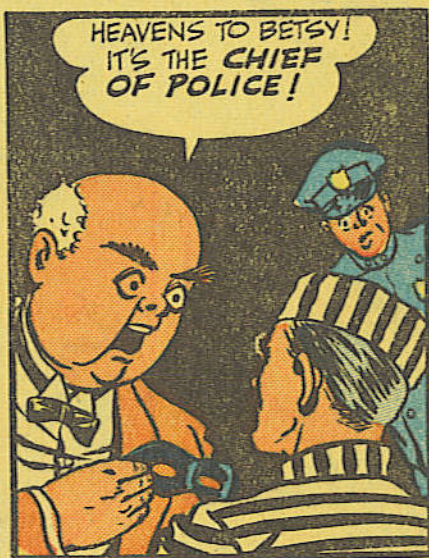
THAT'S RIGHT-- IT DOESN'T SAY "NO CHILDREN ALLOWED!"

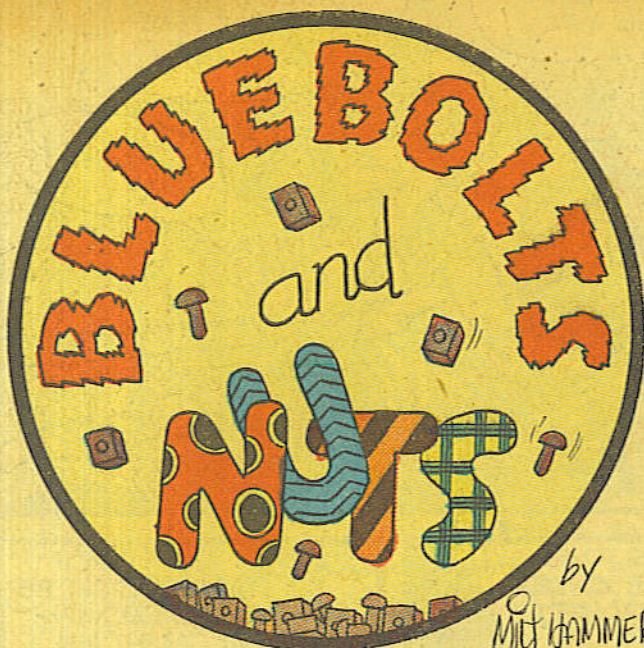












by
MICK HAMMER

